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AUGUST 10, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Joris Chalfont

SHIRLEY BOOTH

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VOL. LXII NO. 6

French Line

ACCENT ON RELAXATION

Tensions ease, cares vanish, the complexities of life fade when you travel the glorious world of France-Afloat. For the moment you step aboard a French Line ship, you enter a carefree world where you've nothing to do but *relax!*

Doze outdoors in the cooling salt air in a long, lazy deck chair; daydream as you gaze far out where infinite sea and sky meet; play shuffleboard, deck tennis; enjoy a pre-release movie. There are so many ways to relax! And, of course, all French Line ships provide distinctive food and wines, quick, English-speaking service.

Book passage on a great French Line ship; the luxurious 51,840-ton *Liberté*, the celebrated *Ile de France*, or the new, informal *Flandre*.
French Line, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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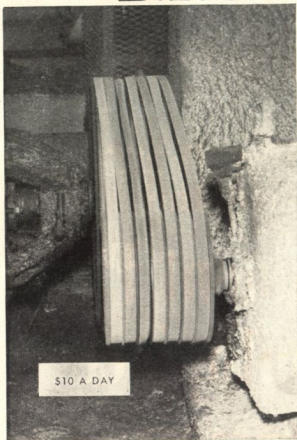


Sailing dates from New York and minimum one-way thru-season fares to Plymouth (slightly higher to Le Havre): *Liberté* sails August 28, Sept. 15, Oct. 2, 21. First Class, \$330; Cabin, \$215; Tourist, \$145. *Ile de France*: August 22, Sept. 9, 24, Oct. 14, 31. First Class, \$325; Cabin, \$215; Tourist, \$145. *Flandre*: August 19, Sept. 5, 23, Oct. 10, 28. First Class, \$290; Tourist, \$165.

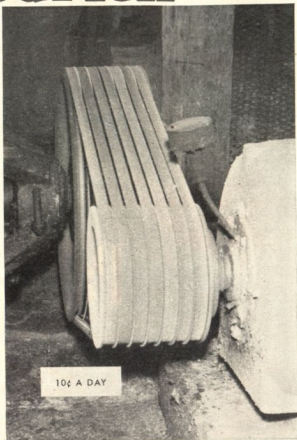
RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



\$10 A DAY



10¢ A DAY

From \$10 to 10 cents a day— what can better rubber do for you?

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THOSE pictures are of identical drives in the same plant. At left are ordinary V belts. Tension made them stretch out of shape so fast that \$75 of belts only lasted 7 days—over \$10 a day. Then B. F. Goodrich grommet belts were tried. They've lasted not 7 days, but more than two years! B. F. Goodrich tumbled belt costs from \$10 a day to 10¢!

Other B. F. Goodrich improvements are making important savings in hundreds of places. For instance, BFG has developed a radically new conveyor belt, called Griptop, that can carry packages, crates, all sorts of things, at steep angles never possible before, and so make substantial savings in space, equipment costs and time.

Still another example is B. F. Goodrich

Armorite, a special rubber so tough it handles rocks, gravel, other things that wear right through steel. Used as chute lining in a Pennsylvania coal mine, Armorite is still in service after 5 years while the steel plates previously used had to be replaced 2 and 3 times a year.

Outlasting other rubber, other materials by many times, is nothing unusual for products improved by B. F. Goodrich research. The cord conveyor belt which can last 10 times longer is an example of this. And the Burstproof steam hose that protects workers from scalding and injury makes a saving in safety as well as money. To find out more about B. F. Goodrich money-saving improvements and what they can do for you, send the coupon now

for free facts on those rubber products you use.

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Dept. M-78, Akron 18, Ohio

I am interested in the products checked below:

- ☐ V belts ☐ Rubber linings for tanks
☐ Other belts (name type) _____
☐ Hose (name type) _____
☐ Other rubber products (name type) _____
☐ Send information by mail.
☐ Have a BFG distributor see me.

Name _____

Company _____

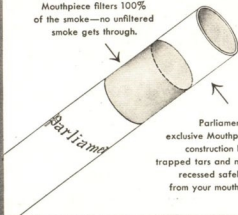
Address _____

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



You can see
why the
**Parliament Filter
Mouthpiece**
gives you
Maximum Protection

The filter in the Parliament
Mouthpiece filters 100%
of the smoke—no unfiltered
smoke gets through.



Parliament's
exclusive Mouthpiece
construction keeps
trapped tars and nicotine
recessed safely away
from your mouth.



*America's Largest-Selling
Filter Mouthpiece Cigarette*

Parliament filters 100% of the smoke—recessed filter keeps trapped tars and nicotine from touching lips or mouth!

Parliament gives you *maximum protection!* Because Parliament's Filter filters all the smoke, *evenly and completely* . . . because it's made of an exclusive filtering material for proven safety and efficiency . . . and because the filter is recessed deep within the Mouthpiece so trapped tars and nicotine never touch your lips or mouth.

Interlocked fibers filter ALL the smoke



This greatly magnified diagram shows how the fibers of the Parliament Filter (patent pending) are interlocked to filter 100% of the smoke. No unfiltered smoke gets through this baffle of crisscrossed fibers.

The fibers are pure cotton cellulose "exploded" by an exclusive Parliament process. Result? The filter is extra absorbent—gives you maximum filtering efficiency. No other filter can compare with Parliament's combination of efficiency and lack of harmful ingredients.

Parliament has been certified for superior and consistent filtering efficiency at the laboratory of the United States Testing Company. There, continuing tests on tens of thousands of cigarettes have proved that most of the tars are filtered out and less than 1/4 of 1% nicotine remains in the smoke.

Mouthpiece Protection for lips, mouth, teeth

The Parliament Filter is recessed deep inside the Mouthpiece, where it can never touch your lips or mouth. When the brown tars and colorless nicotine are trapped, they remain in the recessed filter.

Recessed filter
traps tars and
nicotine here



Mouthpiece prevents
trapped irritants
from touching mouth

This not only insures cleaner, pleasanter smoking, but even more important, this ex-

cludes Parliament Mouthpiece construction gives you maximum health protection.

Pleasure plus protection, BOTH in full measure

With all its efficiency in screening out irritants, Parliament is *just* as efficient in letting the full pleasure of Parliament's superb tobaccos come through. You get a *perfect* balance of filtering efficiency and smooth, flavorful smoking enjoyment.

*

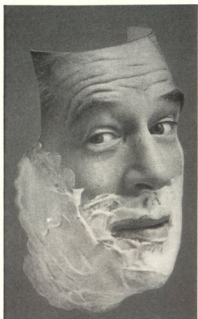
Only Parliament gives you all these important advantages:

- * Extra-absorbent Filter—filters 100% of the smoke
- * Mouthpiece Protection—keeps trapped tars and nicotine away from your mouth
- * "Balanced Filtering Action"—for ideal balance of protection and pleasure
- * Custom Blend of Fine Tobaccos—specially developed for the finest in filtered smoking
- * Smart, Crush-proof Box—a handsome cigarette case in itself

You're So Smart to Smoke

Parliaments

FOR PLEASURE PLUS PROTECTION



Only one face to a customer!

Statistics show you get only one face to last you an entire lifetime. The least you can do for that faithful old frontpiece is to shave it with loving care!

Every morning take it into the bathroom and plunge it into affectionate hot water. Massage it until it begins to resemble something more or less human. Rub in lather, and then like a high priest performing a sacred ritual...let a gleaming SILVER STAR blade glide lightly and swiftly across the stubble.

Made of finer Swedish steel by the exclusive Duridium process...nothing could please your face more. Even the toughest whiskers know it's useless to resist. So they just relax and are whisked away!

Superior men instinctively go for this superior double-edge blade. Actually 2 out of every 3 SILVER STAR users are successful executives.

Why not do as they do? This week, as we all know, is "National Be-Kind-To-Your-Face Week!" Celebrate it properly with finer SILVER STAR blades. (20 blade dispenser, 98¢)

American Safety Razor Corporation.

PRECISION **ASR** PRODUCTS.



LETTERS

Design for Living

SIR:

SHIP AHoy! YOUR WONDERFUL JULY 27 ARTICLE, "DESIGN FOR LIVING," TOUCHED A TENDER SPOT IN A SAILING ENTHUSIAST. WHEN MY WIFE, TWO DAUGHTERS, DACHSHUND AND I SET SAIL ON OUR 18-FT. SEAGULL, "SCHORR-NUFF," THOSE WE LEAVE BEHIND PROCLAIM US NUTS. TIME HAS PRINTED THE TRUTH. WE ARE LIVING. THOSE LANDBUERS ARE NUTS...

BOB SCHORR

CHICAGO

Sir:

So you pick a Wall Street yachtsman for the cover! TIME should have pecked over Manhattan's canyons and discovered blue-water sailing off the Pacific Coast...

HOLT CONDON

Corona del Mar, Calif.

Sir:

I noticed that you give an indication of the prices of smaller boats, but I am very curious to know what would be the price of a schooner like the *Goodwill*...

Mrs. F. M. GARVIN

Flushing, N.Y.

Q The 161-ft. *Goodwill* cost \$625,000 to build in 1921, but her present owner, Ralph E. Larrabee, says she could not be duplicated today for \$1,500,000.—ED.

Good for a Yak

Sir:

Are the various assertions and pronouncements of William O. Douglas still of sufficient interest to command 18 lines of your valuable space? Not for this original TIME subscriber!

The best thing he can do now is to go to Upper Mongolia, get on a yak—and stay there. His elevation to the Supreme Court is probably the worst appointment since Caligula made his horse a consul.

E. D. TOLAND

Concord, N.H.

Rouault's Art

Sir:

Let me congratulate you on your very fine color spread and article on Georges Rouault [TIME, July 27]... His pictures portray

such great feeling, intense emotion and torment within the soul... Rouault once said, "Some day I hope to paint a Christ so moving that those who see it will be converted."

DAVID SHIRAS

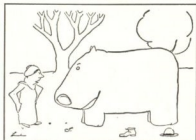
Wayzata, Minn.

Before the Diprotodon

Sir:

It is not that I wish to belittle Dr. Ruben A. Stirling's zealous search for facts about the prehistoric diprotodon [TIME, July 20], but it seems to me that James Thurber discovered it first...

I believe Mr. Thurber's friend [see cut]



James Thurber reproduced by permission, Copyright, 1934, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH DR. MILLMOSS?"

wears a wider smile and carries its tail at a jaunter angle because it has just discovered it is not herbivorous at all. It enjoyed its meal of Millmoss thoroughly.

SARAH STEVENSON SOLSTAD

New Haven, Conn.

Servants & Masters

Sir:

We have read the article, "The Bureaucracy: Servant or Master?" in TIME, July 20. Although there are a number of built-in disclaimers and escape hatches in this piece, it is essentially based on the ancient, long-discredited spoils premise that both governmental policies and governmental functions can be properly and effectively executed only by political appointees. [It] makes much of the fact that during the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations many positions were included in the civil service system by executive order... The great majority of all federal positions, always, have been

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TIME
August 10, 1953

Volume LXII
Number 8

TIME, AUGUST 10, 1953

"WE BUSINESS WOMEN, TOO,

profit by the convenience of HERTZ SERVICE



In my research work in cities and in rural areas I always rent a nice new car from Hertz to make more calls more conveniently and at a cost that continues to surprise me because it is so low. Hertz even pays for my gasoline, oil and insurance!"



RENT A NEW CAR FROM
HERTZ
...drive it as your own

HERTZ SERVICE: what it is, what it costs, how to get it—

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What It Costs . . . Here is a specific rate example: at the Hertz station in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, the 24 hour daily rate is \$7.00, plus 7 cents per mile, including gasoline, oil and insurance. Thus, the total cost for a trip of 30 miles in any one day is only \$9.10, whether one person or five ride in the car. Rates are lower by the week. Rates vary slightly in different sections of the country.

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WHEREVER YOU ARE...WHEREVER YOU GO...YOU CAN RENT A NEW CAR AS EASY AS



Picture of

quality



magnificent

Magnavox

television

BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY



We Balk
at

Jabberwocky Talk!

WE HAVE many, many exciting features we could describe in recommending the Hotel New Yorker to you—but not—we are not going off the deep end. Instead, we will sum them all up in this one easy-to-understand, easy-to-prove sentence: *If you stop here once you will come again because this is now New York's greatest hotel value!*

HOTEL

New Yorker

NEW YORK

Frank L. Andrews, President
Gene Voigt, General Manager

brought under civil service by executive order. There is nothing new, iniquitous or unusual about it . . .

The shocking proposition put forward by you that the price for the reforms brought about by the merit system "is too high" cannot be supported by the facts. The statement that "no civil service ever cooperates efficiently with a Government dedicated to cutting expenses" not only is a gratuitous smear of tens of thousands of loyal, devoted American citizens in the federal service, but also is factually wide of the mark. Moreover, Congress controls the purse strings. The Administration at the top policy level recommends a budget based upon its policies and services rendered to the people.

TIME's editors should know that federal employees do not establish policy but execute it; and to make career employees the whipping boy because of the size of the budget is not only unfair but wholly unrealistic . . . We are aware that "nobody wants to end or to impair the merit system," but in view of the tenor of the piece as a whole, its derogation of career employees, its repetition of some of the most moth-eaten of the spoils-men's clichés, such a qualification loses any real meaning or force. Virtually every attack on the merit system in history has been advanced under the cover of pious protestations. But when those attacks have succeeded—as they sometimes do when public vigilance falters—the real nature of the evil virus of spoils is fully revealed . . .

LUTHER C. STEWARD
President

National Federation of Federal Employees
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I am prejudiced. I am a "so-called" career employee in the federal service. It is on a personal basis that I take issue and not on policy as presented by TIME. You might have mentioned that of the 2,300,000 employees in the federal service, the normal rate of attrition of these employees over the past several years has been approximately 500,000 per annum . . . Government needs more expertise rather than less if we are to have less government . . .

CHARLES H. READ

Philadelphia

Sir:

Your article . . . was an excellent analysis of the Administration's need for control of policymaking jobs, and the part that civil service protection sometimes plays in frustrating this control. However, the really basic problem that lies at the root of the Eisenhower regime's inability to manage 2,300,000 federal workers efficiently is veterans' preference, and the way an accepted principle in U.S. life is being misused to an extent that our entire career service is being threatened.

No one seriously questions that veterans deserve special consideration in obtaining Government jobs. But veterans' preference laws today have been so superimposed on the civil service system that . . . when it comes time to hire Government employees, there is no way of making sure that the best-qualified people are chosen. In fact, veterans who have demonstrated their incompetence by failing civil service tests can move ahead of competent non-veterans through the addition of preference points . . . Recruiting becomes harder as fewer ambitious, able people apply for federal jobs.

When it comes time to fire Government employees, supervisors find themselves confronted by the nearly insuperable barrier of veterans' job-retention rights . . . Thousands of irreplaceable career workers are being forced out of the public service in this way. Morale and efficiency are declining sharply as

a result. These abuses of veterans' preference hurt all but a small minority of our nation, including the vast majority of veterans themselves . . .

JAMES R. WATSON

Executive Director
National Civil Service League
New York City

Schola Arduissima

Sir:

Your lively and interesting July 20 article about a lively and interesting teacher is welcome. Dr. Sweet's Latin teaching has appealed to top teachers in college and school. More than 60 persons applied for the ten Carnegie Corporation fellowships at Michigan this summer, and his work has doubled the enrollment in third-year Latin at William Penn Charter School, and is having similar effects elsewhere.

Among Sweet's other achievements are: captain of track at Amherst and undefeated in dual meet competition in college; instructor in the Mountain Infantry training school at Camp Hale during the war; expert with a flatboat; good mountain climber and a top-notch track coach.

JOHN F. GUMMERE

Headmaster
The William Penn Charter School
Philadelphia

Calling Scrabblers

Sir:

Re Scrabble [TIME, July 20]: After playing for six months an average of one or two games daily, my husband and I recently made our highest score to date. He won with 378 points against my 344 for a total of 722, without either having received an extra 50 points for using all the letters at once. Does anyone know the highest possible score, or the best score in the game? . . .

MARTHA L. BARKOFF

New Orleans

¶ From the game's instructions: "The combined total score for a game may range from about 500 points to 700 or more, depending on the skill of the players."—Ed.

Burning Issue

Sir:

Where did Thomas M. Galey (of Owensburg, Ky.) get the idea that "the dogged British renewed the struggle [of the Revolutionary War] in 1812, burning our White House to our everlasting disgrace [TIME, July 20]?"

The *Columbia Encyclopedia*, a fairly American authority, says: "The radical Western group [in Congress] dreamed of conquering Canada and also West Florida. They were led in Congress by Henry Clay. He, John C. Calhoun, Langdon Cheves and other 'war hawks' managed to override the opposition of John Randolph and other conservatives. War was declared June 18, 1812." Also Mr. Galey should not feel too overwhelmingly disgraced by the fact that the British burned the White House. Long before that event the town of Toronto, as the *Canadian Encyclopedia* mentions and the *Columbia* doesn't, "was occupied by the Americans, and the government buildings were burned" (April 1813).

I am sorry to learn that the British are not "completely untangled yet" from the American hair, but if the operation requires another war I am afraid that, as in 1812, the Americans will have to start it.

G. K. SANDWELL

Toronto, Ont.



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Daily, as on a magic loom, the countless activities of millions of people are woven together by telephone.

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How's Business?

Frigidaire "Packaged Cold" can make your business better!

Hundreds of dollars may be slipping through your fingers because air conditioning and refrigeration is lacking or inadequate in your business. The best possible profit picture depends upon your plugging all cost "holes" . . . and certainly inefficient air conditioning and refrigeration cuts your profit in many ways. Too, you may be passing up opportunities for additional store traffic and sales if you are not using

the most modern equipment. To get all the facts, call your Frigidaire representative for **FREE Proof-Of-Profit Survey**. No matter how specialized your problem may seem, he can show you how standard "packaged" units will usually provide the answer at real installation and operating savings. He can put you on the path to cutting costs, increasing profits, or improving manufacturing processes, today!



Do you operate a restaurant?

For economy and dependable service turn all your refrigeration and air conditioning needs over to one source . . . Frigidaire. Comfortable surroundings, provided by Frigidaire Self-Contained Air Conditioners, draw more customers and build bigger checks. Reach-In Refrigerators, with exclusive "Flowing Cold", speed food handling and reduce shrinkage and spoilage. Automatic Ice Cube Makers deliver over 200 lbs.

per day for less than 26 cents . . . regular size solid ice cubes or tiny "cubelets" that are so perfect for salad pans, iced cups, iced tea and other drinks. Extra Duty Meter-Miser compressors assure dependable refrigeration for walk-in coolers and other needs. Water Coolers provide perfectly cool drinking water at low cost. All of these products add up to faster, better service and more profitable operations.



**Room Air
Conditioners**



**Ice Cream
Cabinets**



**Frozen Food
Display Cases**



**Reach-In
Refrigerators**



**Automatic
Ice Cube Makers**



... run a factory?

Keep employees on their toes all year 'round with Frigidaire Water Coolers to quench thirst and relieve fatigue. Frigidaire Room and Self-Contained Air Conditioners control air temperature, humidity and cleanliness. This means real comfort in single rooms or entire buildings to improve efficiency, production and quality control. Process cooling systems can be powered by Frigidaire compressors.



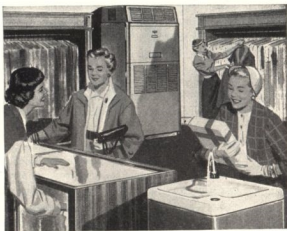
... or a railroad?

Frozen foods go to market in better condition and at lower cost in refrigerator cars equipped with Frigidaire mechanical cooling. Costly, time-consuming icing stops are eliminated, and load space is increased. Safe temperatures may be maintained for all commodities, zero to 70°. Frigidaire air conditioned cars add to passenger comfort on practically all U.S. and Canadian railroads.



Do you wholesale food?

With thousands of dollars worth of perishables at stake, you want to be sure of safe, constant temperatures in your cold storage rooms. You can be with Frigidaire XD Meter-Miser compressors on the job. Compact, rugged, sealed against trouble... here is real dependability for continuous day-in, day-out food protection.



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Why lose business to the "store down the street?" Capture your share with the cool, clean, dry comfort provided by a Frigidaire Self-Contained Air Conditioner. It protects merchandise, too, by keeping out dust and dirt... makes "housecleaning" easier. And don't overlook the good-will, traffic-winning extras in a Frigidaire Water Cooler!



Self-Contained
Air Conditioners



Water
Coolers



XD Meter-Miser
Compressors



Frigidaire

*The most complete line of refrigeration and
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Your Frigidaire Dealer will be glad to show you how science, business and industry use Frigidaire products to save time and increase profits. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of the phone book. Or write Frigidaire, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto 13, Ont.

The One MAN who CAN...

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100% *CLIMATE-CONTROLLED* for your area and for
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Now more than ever he is the best friend your car has ever had! He's your Texaco Dealer — ready to serve you with these two great gasolines, made even greater!

Texaco Sky Chief and Fire-Chief are scientifically blended to give you *maximum* performance in your own weather area — and everywhere else you drive! That's because they are especially refined for the climate, the altitude and the season in each one of the country's 25 weather areas.*

So—to get top performance where you are now and wherever you drive — stop in at the sign of the Texaco red star. Fill up with Texaco Sky Chief, the premium gasoline that packs more punch, the gasoline *for those who want the best*... or famous Fire-Chief for lively power, at regular gasoline prices.

And remember—*only* Texaco Dealers offer you these weatherwise gasolines, 100% *CLIMATE-CONTROLLED* for all 48 States!

**Texaco engineers analysed more than 40 years of weather records, then divided the U. S. into 25 weather areas.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS
in all 48 states

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Henry R. Luce
PRESIDENT H. R. Luce
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR John Shaw Billings

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

In a recent conversation with Margaret Farrar, crossword-puzzle editor for the New York Times, I asked her if she would like to try her hand at a special kind of puzzle: a crossword with the definitions based on recent TIME cover stories. She was intrigued by the idea, soon produced a puzzle constructed mainly from information which she found in the cover stories on Democratic Minority Leader Lyn-

don Johnson, Planemaker James Howard ("Dutch") Kindelberger, George Washington and East Germany's Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht. Here it is, and I hope you have as much fun solving it as I did. (For answers, see next week's TIME.)

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn

ACROSS

- 1 What Kindelberger is a foe of.
- 6 "Obsolete" F-86s.
- 10 R. M. Chapin Jr.'s contribution to the Washington cover story.
- 14 Hate bitterly.
- 15 Indeed: Anglo-Irish.
- 16 Biblical name.
- 17 Debating —, Lyndon Johnson's early specialty.
- 18 "Coffinmaker's" nickname.
- 19 Office worker: Abbr.
- 21 Chinese pagoda.
- 23 Brief inspection: Slang.
- 24 Bad character in Dickens.
- 26 Brother.
- 28 Indulge in a water sport.
- 29 Country sympathetic to the Revolution, after Burgoynes' defeat.
- 32 Commentator Davis.
- 36 Ulbricht's "Spitzbart."
- 38 River island.
- 40 — of order, one of George Washington's attributes.
- 41 Sea bird.
- 42 Where recent concessions to national feeling have been made.
- 43 At no time: German.
- 46 Germans in the Vopos.
- 48 Tactical Air Command.
- 49 "Most daring, most ambitious, of George Washington's generals."
- 51 Smithson and Atwood, to Kindelberger: Abbr.
- 53 New challenge in the supersonic age: the — barrier.
- 55 Outfit (World War II term) of Schrimmer, Fernandez, Gabreski.
- 57 "Mounted — white charger."
- 58 West Berlin's U.S.-operated radio.
- 61 W. Lee ("Pass the Biscuits, Pappy").
- 62 Recipe measure: Abbr.
- 63 Three: Prefix.
- 68 Ironie nickname for Johnson, after he defeated Coke Stevenson by a slim margin.
- 69 Plant louse.
- 72 "Lady Bird" Johnson's middle name.
- 73 Bouquet.
- 74 Dignity, another Washington attribute.
- 75 Ejection —, to bail the pilot out of an F-86.
- 76 Wooden pegs.
- 77 Formed a band of sparks between electrodes.

DOWN

- 1 One of Johnson's gadgets, containing an alarm.
- 2 White poplar.
- 3 What Washington refused to do during his eight years in office.
- 4 Supreme Court Justice Clark, who tied Johnson's tie.
- 5 Heretofore, in Washington's time.

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- 6 Downer of eleven MIGs.
- 7 J. C. Lincoln's "Cap'n —."
- 8 290 was National Safety Council's holiday prediction.
- 9 Flights after training in a T-6 Texan.
- 10 The score is 719, in air-to-air combat.
- 11 Long-run Harlem taxi driver.
- 12 Before: Prefix.
- 13 HQ, Oct. 19, 1781.
- 19 Symbol of servitude.
- 22 What the French sent to the Chesapeake, under De Grasse.
- 25 Shoot.
- 27 Political disorder: Comb. form.
- 30 Sile-stockin' —, for Washington.
- 31 Beccopp's favorite word.
- 32 Describing states such as Latvia, Ukraine, 42 across.
- 34 Ulbricht's specialty.
- 35 Chairman Dan of the House Ways and Means Committee.
- 36 Site of uranium pits in Saxony.
- 37 Source of titanium, uranium, etc.
- 39 Jeweled headresses.
- 43 Cereal grass.
- 44 F-86 is a "flying — chair."
- 47 — attention.
- 50 Near: Dial.
- 52 *Je ne — quoi.*
- 53 Deals with (with "into").
- 56 Criminal.
- 59 Begin.
- 60 Supported (with "with").
- 61 Palm leaves: Var.
- 62 Proper name.
- 63 National theater group.
- 64 Bather's paradise near Venice.
- 66 Nickname for old Wilhelm Pieck.
- 67 What Washington formally returned to Howe at Germantown.
- 71 In behalf of: Span.

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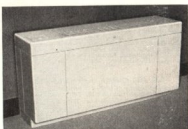
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

An American Politician

Upstairs in her Georgetown house, surrounded by the memorabilia of her family, Mrs. Robert Taft waited for the rites to begin on Capitol Hill. She had been with her husband through all his defeats—when Willkie beat him at the 1940 convention, when Dewey beat him at the 1948 convention, and finally, when Eisenhower beat him at Chicago last year. Taft had always lost the greatest, most venturesome battles of his career. Now he had lost this one, but without her.

He had insisted on Tuesday, when she flew to New York to visit him, that she go back to Washington. By that time she knew the whole truth of his illness, which for some two months he had kept from her. On Friday word had come to her that Bob Taft had died in a coma, of malignant tumors.

"I'm Going to Fight It." It was to spare her that Taft had so closely guarded the secret of his condition from the press, and from all but his sons and his most intimate friends. Martha was in precarious health, paralyzed by a stroke three years ago. The knowledge of his condition had come as sudden and shocking news to him. He had had himself checked carefully before his 1952 presidential campaign, and had been given a clean bill of health. Last spring he went to his doctor with the exasperating pain in his hip, which he had tried to alleviate with aspirin tablets, and had gradually learned, after many tests, that what he had might be very serious. In June the doctors told him that his case was "virtually hopeless." He told Mrs. Taft that he might have a malignancy but belittled the extent of it, and thereupon began a careful masquerade, playing the part of a man who had nothing wrong with him that the doctors couldn't fix.

It was a heroic and poignant performance. He continued to make a pretense of tending to his Senate duties. On the day he announced his retirement from the majority leadership, exhausted and scrawny-looking and badly in need of a haircut, he excused himself to a visitor in his Senate office and dragged himself out on crutches to take Martha Taft to a promised garden party. After an exploratory operation, he hobbled around the room to show a friend from Washington how much he had improved. He did believe, until near the end, that he might

have a chance. "I'm going to fight it," he told a friend. But he lost to it (*see MEDICINE*).

And in losing, another Taft battle was imperiled. From January to June, as Senate majority leader, he had worked with just one goal in mind: the Republican Administration must be made to succeed. It was probably the last chance to reestablish the power of the G.O.P. For that goal, the political essential was party unity. Taft, every inch a partisan and a politician, knew that, and he had worked with all his driving energy for harmony between White House and Congress.

The Man from the Machine. "I am a politician," Taft once declared unabashedly. In a nation which always distrusts and sometimes despises politicians (while handing the responsibility of government

over to them), it was an unusual admission, made without any qualification. Taft was a technician of government, a lawmaker, a man of astonishing integrity—but a hardheaded, practicing politician from the Midwest.

It was a curious chick from which the politician grew: a shy boy, with large round eyes in a large round head, born in 1889 in a gingerbread house in Cincinnati. The chick became a precocious young man who set his contemporaries an example in scholarship at Yale, who casually accepted the fact that his father was in the White House, ground his way to the top of his class at Harvard Law School, and fled from the opportunities open to him in New York ("I have a prejudice against New York," he wrote his father) to return to Cincinnati and



SENATOR TAFT IN CAPITOL CORRIDOR
His greatest battles were always lost.

Marvin Koner—FORTUNE

handle, among other affairs, the fortune (in cast iron) of his Aunt Annie.

Bob Taft and Martha Bowers, who was the daughter of William Howard Taft's Solicitor General, fitted appropriately into Cincinnati. There Grandfather Alphonso had settled down 75 years before; Tafts had lent streets and buildings their name; Taft money bought memorials and largely supported the zoo; Tafts ran the Cincinnati *Times-Star*; and Tafts imparted to a whole urban society their own sedate, conscientious and self-assured characteristics. Taft could have stayed comfortably in the house he bought on Indian Hill and lucratively in the law practice with his younger brother Charles. Instead, the Taft sense of duty took him into politics.

He began his career as a precinct door-bell-ringer in Boss Rudolph Hynicka's notorious Ohio Republican machine. Taft believed then in party regularity, and was to hold to that belief throughout his career. It was not an opportunist's attitude. He believed in the party of his father as the only party founded on sound principle. "My theory," he explained, "was to work within the organization," in which he considered the Hynickas to be intruders. Brother Charles did not agree, and was active in Cincinnati's fusionist reform movement. The Hynicka machine elected Bob Taft to the state legislature. In a few years Bob Taft, and not the intruders, controlled the machine.

He served six years in the legislature and two years in the state senate. He was chiefly responsible for the heroic revision of Ohio's antiquated tax system. Beyond that, he left a modest record of supporting legislation in the field of human welfare, based on the minimum standards of living which he always believed it should be government's obligation to maintain.

But it was a record that could not withstand the New Deal storm in 1932. Taft was washed overboard in the deluge.

The Man from Yale. From the trough of the waves in 1936, Taft cried out stoutly that he was Ohio's favorite-son candidate for President, and that he stood on a platform of being "100% against the New Deal." The cry was scarcely heard in the thundering triumph of Franklin Roosevelt over Alf Landon.

Two years later Taft stubbornly tried again, this time for the U.S. Senate. Grimly he talked his way across Ohio, seconded in more vivacious tones by the vivacious Martha. It was during that campaign that she made probably her most famous political utterance. "My husband is not a simple man," she said to a group of coal miners. "He did not start from humble beginnings. My husband is a very brilliant man. He had a fine education at Yale. He has been well trained for his job. Isn't that what you prefer when you pick leaders to work for you?"

It was a kind of political indiscretion which only a bold lady would commit in public. There before the voters of Ohio stood exposed a picture of the Taft aristocracy: diplomats, lawmakers, lawyers, judges, civic leaders and a U.S. President—men of property with respect for property, and graduates of Yale. To the surprise of political observers, the voters did not react with the leveling impulse of envy. They turned down a passionate New Dealer and sent instead the brilliant man of lofty beginnings to represent them in Washington.

The Understanding Enemy. Senator Robert Taft was never one to waste time in making his position clear. The flat Ohio voice that was to be heard uttering millions of words of protest in the next 14 years first sounded across the Senate

chamber decrying the Federal Government's adventures in business and, on that score, protesting an appropriation for TVA. Tall, ungainly, eying the Senate through rimless spectacles, he hammered at the "vain, immoral and dangerous" precepts of the New Deal, demanding the redirection of current tendencies, since otherwise "we cannot long maintain financial solvency or free enterprise or even individual liberty in the U.S."

Gradually, the New Dealers awoke to him. There was good reason why Taft was so widely attacked. The men around Roosevelt, New Deal apologists among the press, and the high-riding labor unions, unerringly spotted a potentially dangerous enemy. He was ridiculed and vilified. He was highly vulnerable to attack because of his thinking-out-loud type of speaking; his loose sentences could be lifted out of context and thrown back at him with deadly effect. It was no good for friends to point out that he was a man of decent motives who, in the years he served in the Senate, developed from his own careful studies legislation directed to improving housing (the housing lobby accused him of socialism), improving education, improving health. This was not the point.

It was often said that Taft was misunderstood. Many people misunderstood him, but not his enemies. They caricatured and distorted him before the public, but they understood him very well. Taft was against the spread of federal power; his welfare bills gave jurisdiction to the states. He stood in the way of collectivists of all varieties, from the creeping to the rampant. He was against their kind of progress.

"When I Say Liberty." Taft stood for individual liberty. "And when I say liberty," he wrote, "I do not mean simply what is referred to as 'free enterprise.' I mean liberty of the individual to think his own thoughts and live his own life as he desires to think and live . . . liberty of a man to choose his own occupation, liberty of a man to run his own business as he thinks it ought to be run, as long as he does not interfere with the right of other people to do the same thing . . . Gradually this philosophy has been replaced by the idea that happiness can only be conferred upon the people by the grace of an efficient government. Only the government, it is said, has the expert knowledge necessary for the people's welfare."

This was the idea he fought. He opposed centralization of power in government, in Big Labor, and for that matter, in Big Business, because such power finally destroys the liberty of men.

The accuracy of his enemies' assessment of Taft was borne out. In 1947 he pushed through the Taft-Hartley Act. In 1950, running for re-election in Ohio, he administered organized labor one of its most far-reaching political defeats. Union leaders thought they could beat him. In no state campaign had labor ever let loose such a concerted attack, determined as it was to punish the author of the Taft-



VICTORIOUS CANDIDATE & WIFE: 1938
Helped by a lady's indiscretion.

United Press

Hartley Act, which they called the Slave Labor Act. Taft won by a majority almost twice the size of what he himself had predicted. It might have marked the high tide of labor's political influence. In any case, the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. have not been able to assert themselves since as an effective political force.

"I'm Not a Philosopher," Taft was not a reflective man. Once, when an interviewer tried to draw him into a discussion of the underlying philosophy of conservatism, he said simply: "I'm not a philosopher. These are questions I haven't thought much about." He was not at home in complicated theorizing. He operated from a fixed base of accepted principles and law, used his analytical mind to sift out the facts. The Taft-Hartley Act made no effort to establish new principles of labor relations. Rather, it was a great improvisation, intended to register a shift of public sentiment against the one-sidedness of the Wagner Act. It was not the last word on the subject, and Taft admitted it; he had none of the politician's usual prejudice against acknowledging mistakes. In 1949, at hearings on revision of the act, he faced labor's legal experts, countering their citations with citations he dug up from his exhaustive knowledge. Few men ever stumped Taft in legislative debates.

From fixed principles and some prejudices, he rushed headlong in & out of the great foreign-policy debates preceding World War II. He feared U.S. involvement in war as leading to the mastery of the state over the man. Further than that, he saw no national necessity for the U.S. to enter the war. He opposed aid to Russia after the breaking of the Soviet-Nazi pact when Russia was being invaded. "The victory of Communism in the world would be far more dangerous to the U.S. than the victory of fascism," he said then. "It is a greater danger to the U.S. because it is a false philosophy which appeals to many. Fascism is a false philosophy which appeals to a few." This was a weighing of hazards which was not well received in Washington in 1941.

He had no more, and sometimes he had less, prescience than other men. Four months before Pearl Harbor, he voted against an extension of the draft; two months later, he voted against a second lend-lease appropriation (as he had voted against the original lend-lease proposal); a month before Pearl Harbor, he voted against arming U.S. merchant ships; on Dec. 6, 1941, he demanded to know why a force of 2,000,000 men was justified. In that force, actually multiplied sixfold, Taft's four sons were to serve throughout the war.

A Charge of Appeasement. But if Taft's vision was sometimes more limited than other men's, it was also sometimes wider. As early as 1944, while Washington and London were still nodding approvingly over the Teheran conference, he pointed out its fatal fallacies. "The danger to the accomplishment of an association of nations," he said, "does not come today from so-called isolationists or any unwill-



DEFEATED CANDIDATE & VICTOR (AT MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS): 1952
Beaten by a point of political expediency.

ingness on the part of our people to go ahead. It comes from the current policy of Mr. Stalin and the failure of this country to have any definite foreign policy at all . . . [Mr. Roosevelt] seems prepared to sacrifice all principles of foreign policy to appease Russia."

He questioned the value of the United Nations, delimited as it was by the veto, its concept based solely on "peace and security," not on "law and justice." He took the unpopular position, as so many of his positions were, of denouncing the Nürnberg trials, which "violate the fundamental principle of American law that a man cannot be tried under an *ex post facto* statute . . . In these trials we have accepted the Russian idea of the purpose of trials—government policy and not justice . . ."

He went along with Arthur Vandenberg's leadership in the Republicans' post-war policy in foreign affairs, Van's so-called "unpartisanship." But Taft had misgivings, which Vandenberg also began to entertain before the end of his career. When the Michigan Senator died of cancer in 1951, Taft began to express himself with vigor on foreign affairs, attacking what he saw as defects and ambiguities in the NATO pact, challenging both the President's right and wisdom in committing large numbers of U.S. troops to Europe, fixing the blame for the Korean attack on the Administration's weak and vacillating policy in the Far East—the theme to which he returned in his last formal speech before his death.

What did Taft have to offer instead? In 1951 he wrote his book, *A Foreign Policy for Americans*. From it emerged his theory of a Monroe Doctrine protecting Europe, the concentration of U.S. might in the long arm of the Air Force, and a world organization founded on world law. It was hastily written, scattered, and not fully

thought through—another headlong improvisation, but another example of Taft's ability to put facts together. It was a scathing review of postwar U.S. foreign policy, which had been bold and even brilliant in flashes of desperation, but without any firm core of consistent principle or steady purpose.

The Bitter Pill. The book was written as a weapon in Taft's last fight for the presidency. He entered it as the man who had earned and unquestionably held the leadership of his party—"Mr. Republican," no less. By the old rules of U.S. party politics, Taft would have won the nomination hands down. But the old rules had crumbled. Congressional leadership counted for less than it had in the past. Many Republicans disagreed strongly with Bob Taft. More opposed not Taft but the image which his enemies had fixed in the public mind. Still more understood that the image was a distortion of the man but held that, because of the image, he could not be elected.

The last argument was decisive against him. Taft, ever the practical politician, ever the party regular, was licked on a point of political expediency. If his party had been pretty sure of winning or pretty sure of losing, Taft would have been its nominee. But at convention time, it looked as if the general election would be close, and a majority of the delegates wanted to win badly enough to swing behind a candidate who was unquestionably more popular with Democrats and independents.

Taft took this bitter pill like a politician of principle. He believed in himself, but believed also in what his party stood for. On Morningside Heights, he and Eisenhower worked out a statement of agreed principles. Taft pledged his allegiance and he never wavered.

As Senate majority leader in a Republican Administration, the public began to

see a new Taft. The nation which had overturned the Fair Deal to elect Dwight Eisenhower was ready to listen, at least with half an ear. There sprang up the hope that Taft and Eisenhower between them would evolve a foreign policy and a policy of national defense, a domestic policy and, indeed, a reconstructed and truly American idealism to which the nation could rally. This hope began to turn Taft into a popular figure. Whatever suffering they brought to him as a man, Taft's last six months brought him at last recognition of his stature as a public servant, or, as he would have said, as a politician.

In the Senate when the news came, the Taft desk stood piled high with papers and Congressional Records, and the empty chair was pushed back, as though the long-legged man from Ohio had just left it.

In the Capitol Rotunda. On the day of the funeral, a uniformed attendant wheeled Martha Taft into the rotunda of the Capitol, where for a day her husband's body, in a closed casket, had lain in state, visited by thousands of people.⁹ There the dignitaries gathered: President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, members of Congress, the Cabinet and the Supreme Court, Taft's old friend, Douglas MacArthur. The muffled brass of the U.S. Marine Band echoed through the corridors, and Senator John Bricker spoke the eulogy. Taft, who had always gone armed with a sense of humor, would have appreciated the irony of such pomp and honor; in life, he had been more often damned than praised.

Quite alone in spirit, Martha Taft watched the honor guard carry out the casket. She had known very well the political Taft, a figure so often in contrast to the personal Taft: one argumentative, impatient with slow minds, the other amiable and tolerant; one stiff-seeming and stand-offish, the other resonantly singing airs from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, devoted to his four sons, playing with his grandchildren, who laughingly called him "the Gop." There had been contrast and sometimes conflict between the two Tafts. She had not wanted him to campaign for the presidency in 1952; if he had won, she would have been deprived of much of his company, which she needed so badly in her own trouble.

She had courageously hidden her reluctance and gone along with him because she believed the presidency was his greatest ambition. Taft had not sensed her brooding fears until after he had thrown himself into the campaign, after he was committed. This week she summoned up her courage for the last ordeal and got ready to follow him back to Indian Hill.

⁹ Only twelve others have lain in state in the Capitol rotunda: Abraham Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, John A. Logan, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, Admiral George Dewey, the Unknown Soldier of World War I, Warren G. Harding, General John J. Pershing, and Robert Taft's father.

REPUBLICANS

New Floor Leader?

Bob Taft's death raised the question: Who will be the Republicans' new Senate floor leader?

California's William Fife Knowland, hand-picked for acting majority leader by Taft, was the leading prospect to succeed him. Last week he convinced Senate Republican leaders that a successor to Taft should be elected quickly to quash talk about party disunity.

This week New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges, the senior Republican in the Senate, tried to slow Knowland's march, although most of Bridges' friends



Associated Press

CALIFORNIA'S KNOWLAND

After early stumbles, a firm hold.

believe that he does not want the job for himself. In a letter to Eugene Millikin, chairman of the Senate Republican Conference, Bridges said: "It does not seem to me that there is a pressing need for haste . . ." Other Republican leaders disagree with Bridges, decided to go ahead with the election of a floor leader.

A Young Old Hand. This kind of political maneuvering was not new to Bill Knowland. He is young (45) as Senate majority leaders go, but he is an old hand at politics. His father, J. R. (for Joseph Russell) Knowland, was a conservative Republican U.S. Representative in 1904-15. Young Billy made his first political speech (for the Harding-Coolidge ticket) when he was twelve, and at 16 occasionally sat in for his father as chairman of Republican committees in California. At 25 he was elected to the California assembly; at 27 he moved up to the state senate.

Drafted into the Army as a private in 1942, Knowland had risen to major and was serving in France when California's Governor Earl Warren appointed him to the U.S. Senate vacancy created by the

death of Hiram Johnson. California politicians generally regarded this as payment of a political debt to Knowland's millionaire father, who had started Warren on his career and whose daily Oakland *Tribune* had long supported the governor. In 1946 Knowland trounced Democrat Will Rogers Jr. Last year he won both the Republican and Democratic nominations with a total of 2,308,051 votes, far more than any candidate for any office ever got in California primaries.

The Fullback. In the Senate corridors, the big (6 ft., 200 lbs.) Senator from California lunges from one meeting to another with the air of a fullback heading for the goal line. He is not much of a rough & tumble debater, but his set speeches are well written, forcefully delivered. Because of his consistent battle for more U.S. aid to Chiang Kai-shek, his detractors have fitted him with a label: "The Senator from Formosa."

Knowland's voting record marks him as a middle-of-the-road Republican, e.g., he voted for the Taft-Hartley Act, supported NATO. As acting majority leader, Bill Knowland stumbled at the start but then took a firm hold. Bob Taft started the major bills through the Senate, but Knowland was the man in charge when the final push was needed.

DEMOCRATS

Minority Preferred

A second question raised by Taft's death was: Will the Democrats take control of the Senate?

Ohio's Democratic Governor Frank Lausche is expected to appoint a Democrat to Taft's seat. That would make the Senate count 48 Democrats, 47 Republicans and Wayne Morse. Among the possible Lausche appointees mentioned was Toledo's pepper-tongued Mike Di Salle, former Director of Price Stabilization.

Not long after the names began to roll, a complication arose in Ohio. From Washington U.S. Senator John Bricker telephoned a G.O.P. leader and proposed that the Republican-controlled legislature, about to adjourn, stay in Columbus long enough to change the state law on filling U.S. Senate vacancies. The legislature could call for a special election in November. With that to mull over, the legislators agreed to stay around until late this week.

But no matter how the vacancy is filled, there is little chance that organization of the Senate will be affected. Texas' Senator Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic floor leader, and his advisers decided before Bob Taft died that they want to keep their present minority role through 1954. It enables them to maneuver more freely, supporting the White House on some proposals and opposing it on others; it keeps the party unified, and relieves Democrats of responsibility for a legislative program.

Most of all, it keeps them off a spot: In the 1954 election, the Republicans will not be able to blame the Democrats for blocking an Eisenhower program.

THE CONGRESS

Turnaround

Late in June, ailing Bob Taft looked at work done by the 83rd Congress and made a blunt, Taft-like observation: "It's not much of a record." Then he added: "But there was the problem of a new Government, of getting turned around." This week, as members of the 83rd were turning toward home, the two parts of Bob Taft's summation could be combined into one: the 83rd had made a slow, but not a bad start.

The Congress pushed through an impressive list of major bills (*see box*). By reducing spending, stopping the expansion of Government, it made the critical turnaround from 20 years of New and Fair Deals. But the 83rd took no broad, policymaking action on such basic issues as taxes, trade, agriculture and labor. These failures caused some Republican disappointment and elicited some Democratic jeers. The record of the 83rd, however, was a lesson in how hard it is to change the direction of the U.S. Government without rocking the boat.

One problem was getting the Republicans on Capitol Hill turned around to leadership after 20 years in the minority. In some fields, including much of Joe McCarthy's headline grabbing, Republicans were still acting like an opposition party. The congressional investigations of this session were examples of oppositionism-in-power. Investigators threw further light on the Communist conspiracy and on the Korean ammunition shortage, but they laid no basis for legislation, gave few constructive hints on policy.

The Fight That Didn't Happen. Loudly touted in the press last winter was a forthcoming death struggle between Eisenhower and the conservative wing of his party in Congress. To those who believed this prophecy, the big news of the session was that it failed to happen. An anti-Eisenhower Republican faction never raised its head. This was partly due to Taft's skill and loyalty, partly to Eisenhower's enormous prestige, and partly to the fragmented character of Congress.

Despite adept leadership of both parties in both houses, party discipline on both sides was weak and party lines were blurred. An extreme example of this was last week's Senate vote on an important amendment to the foreign-aid program. The majority was made up of 27 Republicans and 26 Democrats; the minority was 17 Republicans, 17 Democrats and Wayne Morse. Reformers have long deplored rigid party discipline and yearned for independent legislators. More and more in recent years, Congress has moved in their direction as the power of patronage and party machines has declined.

A Light Hand on the Reins. Eisenhower apparently sensed that Congress had become so bit-shy that it would be folly for him to grab the reins with the determined grip that F.D.R. used. Had Ike tried, he might only have invited the congressional bucking that thwarted and

enraged Harry Truman. Ike adapted his tactics to the situation. He worked closely with Taft, Knowland, Speaker Martin and others—but he also went at the Congressmen one by one in a series of White House breakfasts and luncheons. The weight and prestige of the presidency, which could no longer be applied through party discipline, had to be applied in person.

On the whole, this worked. From the first session of the 83rd, Ike got nearly everything he asked for. His greatest tactical victory was extension of the excess-profits tax, despite the opposition of Ways & Means Chairman Dan Reed. Ike's worst defeat was rejection of his eleventh-hour request for an increase in the U.S. debt limit. Significantly, the tactics of the debt-limit fight (*see below*) did not allow Ike to apply this one-by-one technique.

Waiting for Policy. Still another characteristic of the first session of the 83rd was the fact that, as in most postwar Congresses, the spotlight of world news was elsewhere—on Moscow, Seoul and Panmunjom. This was partly the luck of the news. (Congress could hardly compete with Stalin's death, Beria's arrest, Rhee's stubborn stand, or the Korean truce.) But partly it was due to the fact that the initiative in world politics is still not in the hands of the U.S. The first great steps in getting it there are not up to Congress, but to the Executive. In foreign affairs, Eisenhower has been trying to turn the Government toward a more effective policy. This was not a simple

matter of Ike's "assuming leadership," like putting on a coat. The terms of leadership had to be hammered out between Ike and the Departments of State and Defense, which would have to supply the bone and muscle of policy.

As Congress adjourned, there were signs that when the legislators returned, they would find a far more positive and coherent policy to get their teeth—and their hearts—into.

The Last Week

Lights burned far into the night and messengers scurried about like ants at a midsummer picnic as Congress hurried to adjourn. Then, into the usual closing-week crisis, President Eisenhower injected a red-hot issue: he asked Congress to raise the federal debt limit from \$275 billion to \$290 billion.

There was a reason for the sudden and anxious request. The federal debt stood at more than \$272 billion—less than \$3 billion under the ceiling set by Congress in 1946. Having inherited obligations to pay cash on delivery for huge quantities of goods and services ordered by the Truman Administration, and facing a decline in revenues, it seemed that it would be only a matter of months, or possibly weeks, before the Eisenhower Administration would be broke.

As far back as May, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey warned that the debt ceiling might have to be raised. But the Administration never faced up to asking

THE RECORD OF THE 83rd

In its first session, the 83rd U.S. Congress:

Appropriated a total of \$52.9 billion, \$13.3 billion less than Harry Truman proposed and \$3.9 billion less than Dwight Eisenhower requested.

Approved, with minor cuts, the President's defense bill, with its controversial reduced goal for the Air Force.

Accepted the Administration's Mutual Security program, after slimming it down to \$4.5 billion in new funds.

Adopted the President's tax program, *i.e.*, extended the excess profits tax and made no change in income tax rates.

Extended the reciprocal trade program, and empowered the President to appoint a commission to study the whole foreign trade question.

Continued the presidential power to reorganize Government departments, and approved ten specific reorganization plans, including the new Cabinet department of Health, Education and Welfare and an overhaul of the Mutual Security Organization and the State Department's information program.

Gave title to offshore oil lands to coastal states.

Established a Small Business Administration, paving the way for liquidation of the Reconstruction Finance Corp.

Authorized entry into the U.S. of 214,000 European refugees, in addition to fixed immigration quotas, during the next three years and five months. Established commissions to study state-federal relationships and to study the efficiency of the Federal Government.

Continued the President's powers to allocate and establish priorities on defense materials, but shunned other controls.

Authorized the sale of Government-owned synthetic rubber plants to private owners.

Earmarked \$200 million to begin rehabilitation of Korea.

Gave the President authority to ship limited amounts of surplus crops to friendly needy nations.

Watered down and passed the Administration bill to simplify customs procedures (*see BUSINESS*).

Postponed action on the St. Lawrence Seaway, changes in postal rates, to statehood for Hawaii, extension of Social Security, revision of the Taft-Hartley law.

Shelved the Bricker amendment to limit the President's treaty-making powers.

Rejected the President's request for an increase in the U.S. debt limit.

Congress to take action until the day before the scheduled adjournment. Without consulting congressional leaders in advance, Humphrey and Budget Director Joseph Dodge, backed by Ike, decided on a last-minute blitz.

Hard Facts. When word of their decision got around, Virginia's Harry Byrd tried to head them off with a warning. Byrd was in a strong position; he had consistently supported the new Administration, and only the day before, Eisenhower had sent him a note saying, "Hurrah for the Byrds. We need more of 'em."*

Byrd took the floor for one of his rare speeches. "A debt limit of \$275 billion," he said, "is as much or more than this country should be called on to stand . . . An increase in the debt limit at this time would be misunderstood . . ."

The following morning, 13 Senators and Representatives were invited to breakfast at the White House. Then, for two hours and 15 minutes, they listened to Humphrey and Dodge, armed with charts and graphs, lay down the "hard, cold fiscal facts." Said Humphrey: "If Congress refuses to increase the debt limit, we just will run out of money, and we can't pay our bills, and that is all there is to it . . . I think it would just cause a near panic."

How about the opinion, held by some lawyers, that the Administration had a legal right, despite the debt ceiling, to borrow enough money to cover any appropriations voted by Congress? Humphrey answered: "I don't think any of that very interesting legal argument amounts to a damn, because we have got to sell bonds. If you have got some money in your pocket and I offer you a bond, and somebody says, 'I don't know, there is a big legal argument over whether that is a good bond or not,' you just don't buy it."

Hard Politics. The hard, cold fiscal facts were impressive—but so were the hard, cold political facts. Congressional Republicans were inclined to agree with New York's Representative Frederic Coudert that the Administration had put Congress in "a cruel and bitter dilemma." The party that for 20 years had fought a mounting federal debt was in the position of asking for an increase in a statutory debt limit that had stood for seven years.

Nevertheless the House promptly approved a bill to increase the limit. But the Senate balked. More than five hours of briefing and pleading by Humphrey and Dodge changed few, if any, minds in the Senate Finance Committee. North Carolina's Clyde Hoey bluntly told Humphrey that, if the Administration had known on July 1 that an increase in the debt limit was necessary, it should have told Congress on July 2, not waited until the last minute. Senators were sore about the delay, especially since they suspected that the Administration had deliberately waited until appropriations bills were passed; if Congress had got the debt-increase request

a week earlier, it might have cut foreign-aid appropriations more deeply.

When it came time for the committee to vote on the bill, Harry Byrd made a motion to table, i.e., put it off until the next session. The count was 11 to 4 in favor: six Democrats and five Republicans for; three Republicans and one Democrat against.

With that the debt fight was lost and the Administration suffered its major defeat on Capitol Hill of the first session.

ARMED FORCES

Rude Awakening

To the Navy's top brass, the ideal Secretary of the Navy is a civilian who soaks up briefings, cuts an impressive figure before congressional committees, signs his name legibly and relies for all his decisions on the Navy's top brass. Navy



NAVY SECRETARY ANDERSON
Old run-around, new command.

Secretary Robert B. Anderson, a 43-year-old Texas lawyer, estate manager and Boy Scout worker, appeared to fit these specifications. Last week the Navy got a rude awakening. Bob Anderson, six months in office, moved an admiral out of a top Navy Department job because of "policy differences."

Anderson's victim was Rear Admiral Homer N. Wallin, 59, chief of the Navy's Bureau of Ships. Wallin led the fight to prevent promotion—and thus bring automatic retirement—of Navy Captain Hyman Rickover, a brilliant, free-wheeling Navy engineer who developed the atomic submarine. Secretary Anderson inherited the Rickover mess and the senatorial protests over the obvious injustice. Anderson examined the facts, disregarded Wallin's advice, and convened a special selection board which advanced Rickover to rear admiral. (He was confirmed by the Senate last week.)

Meanwhile, Navy Under Secretary Charles Thomas asked Navy departmental heads to report detailed facts on their procurement plans. Some of the admirals replied with vague generalizations. Thomas issued a stern order for precise detail. On the second round, all complied except Admiral Wallin, who, in effect, told Anderson and Thomas to content themselves with broad policy and leave the details to the admirals. Since, as every Pentagonian knows, broad policy is frequently determined by details, Anderson considered that he was getting a well-known form of Pentagon run-around. Wallin was relieved of his command and transferred to the Puget Sound Navy Yard in Bremerton, Wash.

Mild Bob Anderson was not trying to throw his weight around. His action was part of the Eisenhower effort to get control of defense policy back where the Constitution put it: in the hands of the President and his top civilian officials.

Bomber to Britain

In just about the time it takes for the *Congressional Limited* to go from New York to Washington, for a Sunday golfer to play 18 holes, for a movie fan to watch a double feature, or for a housewife to cook a 14-lb. turkey, a U.S. Air Force B-47 last week flew from Limestone, Me. to Fairford, England, to set a new, unofficial transatlantic record. Totals: time, 4 hrs. 45 min.; miles, 2,925; average ground speed, 616 m.p.h.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Appointments: Bad & Good

President Eisenhower last week named South Carolina's Governor James Byrnes to be one of five U.S. delegates to the eighth session of the United Nations General Assembly. Howls of protest rose. Chief complaint: Byrnes is one of the South's best-known champions of race segregation; as governor, he pledged his administration to abandon South Carolina's public-school system if the Supreme Court outlawed segregation in the schools. The U.N.'s General Assembly contains many Asian and African delegates explosively sensitive on the subject of race. Sample protests in telegrams to the President:

☐ Textile Workers Union (C.I.O.): "This is a post for which he is outstandingly unqualified. The appointment of Byrnes will be a propaganda weapon of untold value to the Kremlin."

☐ National Association for the Advancement of Colored People: "The Communists can brand him by his own words and deeds as a proponent of racism . . ."

☐ American Jewish Congress: "Mr. James Byrnes has disqualified himself to be a spokesman of the ideals of American democracy."

Other Eisenhower appointments of the week:

☐ To be Ambassador to Thailand: Major General (ret.) William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, 70, Medal-of-Honor-winning

* A reverse echo of Harry Truman's famed comment: "There are too many Byrds in the Senate."

commander of the Fighting 69th in World War I and head of the OSS in World War II. In Thailand, Donovan's OSS performed some of its greatest feats. Working with Japanese-appointed Regent Phibunsongkro in what has been called "the greatest doublecross in history," OSS operatives built up a resistance movement under the conquerors' noses.

¶ To be head of the U.S. Information Agency: Theodore C. Streibert, 53, able former board chairman of the Mutual Broadcasting System, lately adviser to High Commissioner James B. Conant in Germany. Streibert's newly created agency is to include all of the old U.S. Information Service (Voice of America, etc.), together with the information setups of the Mutual Security Agency and the Technical Cooperation Administration.

POLITICAL NOTES

Citizens for Eisenhower

Like most amateur political organizations, the Citizens for Eisenhower went into a rapid decline once its man was safely in the White House. Last week Administration political strategists persuaded James L. Murphy, 36-year-old San Francisco advertising executive, to take on the chairmanship of the all but defunct group. Murphy's mission: to get the Citizens for Eisenhower back to life and help win the 1954 congressional elections.

Message to the Governor

It is an open secret that California's Governor Earl Warren, 62, would like a seat on the U.S. Supreme Court. But the present nine justices are spry, sturdy fellows (Bill Douglas, 54, is a mountain climber; Hugo Black, 67, still plays tennis), and they like their jobs. The best hope for Governor Warren—and for California's Lieutenant Governor Goodwin J. Knight, who would like to have Warren's job—is that the oldest member of the court, Felix Frankfurter, 70, might soon retire.

Last week, while Governor Warren was vacationing in Europe, Reporter Clint Mosher of the San Francisco *Examiner* telephoned Justice Frankfurter at Heath, Mass., and asked if he planned to quit. "Now you must be very short of news to call me such a distance," replied Frankfurter, "although it is pleasant to hear your voice."

Mosher then mentioned the reports of Warren's succeeding him. "Oh, how stupid of me," said Frankfurter. "Of course, now I get it. Well, I suppose I may quit some day, unless I achieve immortality. But tell me this, are you on good terms with your governor?"

Mosher replied that he was.

Said Frankfurter: "Well, I want you to get this message to him. I know he is out of the country, but get it to him anyway. Tell him I would never want it on my conscience that I had kept him off the Supreme Court, if he wants to get on it. I don't know what you get out of that, but be sure the governor gets my message."

NEW YORK

The Great Ham & Egg Holdup

The waiters at the Waldorf-Astoria, the Stork, or even Maxim's, serve no greater variety of customers than the counter-men at John's Diner on Fulton Street in Brooklyn. John's, as a matter of fact, has the edge—it stays open all night. But despite their deep, egg-spattered knowledge of human eccentricity, nobody in John's had the slightest inkling that a new and glorious page in the diner's history was about to be written when William ("The Laughing Bandit") Kampi lowered himself to a stool at 3:30 a.m. one morning last week and ordered spaghetti & meat balls with tomato sauce.

Bill the Bandit was a young fellow, 22 years old, with nice blond hair, and a yellow sport shirt. He was out on parole and he was polite; he leaned forward every

Soon he was cooking and serving ham and eggs. Most of his customers looked ill. A few even spoke up to say they didn't want any. It did them no good at all. Laughing Bill served them. They ate. More customers came in until there were 20 in all. Bill served them too. Milk, he decided, was the drink for everyone. He kept pouring it. The customers kept drinking it, eyes rolling as if they were downing hemlock.

A delivery man entered with a box of pies. What was the bill, asked Bill? Four dollars and ninety-five cents? He clanged open the register, and tossed the man five dollars. "Keep the nickel," he said. "Have some ham and eggs!" The pie man falteringly said: "Eggs maybe. But not ham. My faith forbids it." "You'll eat ham and like it!" cried Bill. The pie man closed his eyes, opened them and ate.

Just then sirens began to scream. A passer-by, nonplussed by the strange



JOHN'S DINER, BROOKLYN
Much more fun than the Waldorf.

New York Daily News

time he took a bite, and it did not require a genius to see that he was doing so to keep the tomato sauce from dripping on his shirt. But all of a sudden he jumped up and left. When he came back he had a pistol in one hand and was herding before him six scared-looking men he had rounded up at the entrance to the IND subway. "Gentlemen," said Bill with a laugh, "be seated."

Like Breakfast with the Borgias, All sat down on stools with the air of men sinking into the electric chair. Bill tucked his pistol into his belt, hustled around behind the counter, chased the counterman and Morton Flicker, the owner's 20-year-old son, into a back room. Then Bill began dispensing hospitality. "Well, gentlemen," he cried, rubbing his hands as his astounded victims cringed, "what will it be? It's all on me. You only have to order." Nobody said a word. "Ham and eggs!" cried Bill. "In a moment, sir!"

goings-on in John's had called the cops. Since the diner sits on the border of three police districts, not one but seven squad cars converged on it. Laughing Bill did not turn a hair. He called the owner's son out of the back room and said, "Tell a good story. One I'll like." When cops came piling in with drawn guns, Bill beamed, the customers chewed hysterically and Morton Flicker explained that the trouble—just a fight between two drunks—was over. The cops departed.

The Yoomo of It. Bill stayed for an hour. He opened the cash register, took out \$70 and thrust it into his pockets. He gave away a series of presents—six dozen eggs to one sick-looking customer, a liverwurst to another, 30 slices of ham to a third. He poured himself a glass of milk and drained it. Then he finally strolled out and was gone. He was arrested in only a few hours—his automobile had no plates, and while this kept

anyone from jotting down his license number, it made the car as conspicuous as a Brooklyn girl without lipstick.

Even after Bill was identified, however, John Flicker, the owner of the plundered diner, could not stop laughing long enough to get angry. "My sides ache," he said weakly, after all reports were in. "How I wish I coulda seen it. Wotta sense of yooama!"

WOMEN

Hiking the Hemline

In 1947 Paris Designer Christian Dior brought fashion adventure to millions of U.S. women, and economic indignation to many U.S. husbands, when he pioneered the sensationally long dresses of the New Look. Last week Designer Dior was tinkering with the hemline again, moving it in a different direction. While 250 fashion

was tempted to go along with Dior. Other buyers were uncertain or hostile. Snapped Adolf Schuman, president of San Francisco's Lilli Ann Corp.: "The psychology of the American woman is not ready for a change." Bergdorf Goodman's Andrew Goodman cabled his New York office to ignore the change. Carmel Snow of *Harper's Bazaar*, the doyenne of U.S. fashion arbiters, supported him. Said she: "Perfectly marvelous publicity for Dior, but you can't find any woman who wants skirts riding up around her knees."

Besides his new hemline, Dior also pointed out another fashion "revolution" for 1953. His new evening dresses are designed to eliminate the need for boned corseting. His explanation: "How many times have I heard men complain that, while dancing, they were not able to feel the living body of women under the yoke which imprisoned them."

used an average of 211 lbs. of wheat flour apiece. In 1952, they used only 130 lbs. So far this year, shipments abroad have fallen more than 100 million bushels below the same period of last year. Chief reasons: 1) shortages created by World War II have largely abated; 2) wheat-hungry nations do not have enough dollars to buy American wheat; and 3) the Government-supported price of U.S. wheat is about 40¢ a bushel above the world market price.

Cut the Crop? Next week, for the first time since 1942, U.S. wheat farmers will vote on whether they want marketing quotas imposed on next year's crop. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson is basically against controls, but the 1938 Agricultural Adjustment Act forced him to employ the marketing restriction because of the huge supply. Benson has fixed 62 million acres as the maximum U.S. wheat acreage for 1954, compared to 78 million this year. The Department of Agriculture is setting farm-by-farm acreage allotments. The average cut for wheat farmers: 20%.

More than 800,000 farmers will be eligible to vote. If at least two-thirds of those balloting vote yes, the quotas will be placed in effect, farmers will be allowed to market all the wheat they can grow on their allotted acreage, and the Government will support the price at 90¢ of parity. If a farmer grows wheat on more than his allotted acreage, he will have to pay the Government a fine of 45¢ of parity for all he markets or uses from the excess acres. If more than one-third of the farmers vote no, the price support will drop to 50¢ of parity.

Unhappy Choice. When they go to their polling places next week, farmers thus will be choosing between greater Government control and greater economic risk. No matter which way they vote, the wheat growers will get less return for their crop next year—either the acreage or the price will be cut.

Last week, some Agriculture Department officials and farm leaders were predicting that more than two-thirds of the farmers will vote yes. Said Farmer Lynn Wallen of Nebraska's Red Willow County: "I can't see any reason why wheat farmers should ever vote for \$1.20 and against \$2.20 a bushel."

One fear haunting the Department of Agriculture is that a 20% acreage cut will not mean anywhere near a 20% cut in production. By using their best land and better farming practices, the farmers may produce much more per acre. There is a saying in Iowa: "Cut corn acreage and you have to build bigger bins."

That fear points up the fact that marketing quotas are not a satisfactory long-term solution to the wheat problem. In the wheat belt last week, farm leaders were thinking seriously about other answers. Among them: more flexible price supports to discourage surplus production, an aid-trade program to help other countries buy U.S. wheat, greatly increased research in new uses of wheat.



Loomis Dean—Life

COMBINES IN THE WHEAT FIELDS
For every bushel, a peck of trouble.

experts, most of them from the U.S., looked on questioning, Dior mannequins glided into his showroom wearing new skirts of startling shortness, their hems raised to a height of 15 to 17 inches above the floor (present average: 12 to 14 inches).

The shortened hemline, like other Dior maneuvers, was an idea suddenly conceived. "Even the day before my collection opened," Dior said, "it was still undecided. But now, I'm just itching to pin up women's skirts." He called his new length the *vivante* (living) line—"a fashion for going out in the street." Although not as dramatic a break with tradition as the New Look, his *vivante* was spectacular enough to get rival Paris designers excited and make U.S. buyers tight-lipped and nervous, as they calculated the chances of its finding favor with the unpredictable girls back home.

Manhattan's Hattie Carnegie, for one,

AGRICULTURE

The Golden Glut

In the great U.S. wheat belt, from the panhandle of Texas to the border of Manitoba, the harvest was moving relentlessly northward. Last week the combines roared out of Nebraska and into the golden, knee-high fields of South Dakota. Although some areas were hurt by drought, the yield was generally good. But every bushel that came tumbling out of a combine's spout added to a critical farm problem. U.S. wheat bins are bursting with the greatest glut in history. When all this year's crop is in, the total supply is expected to be 1.7 billion bushels, more than 50% above normal.

While wheat production has been rising, per capita consumption has been falling—due at least in part to the nation's preoccupation with the bulging waistline (see BUSINESS). In 1910, U.S. citizens

INTERNATIONAL

EUROPE

End of an Era

An era was ending in Europe, not all at once and in one dying fall, but perceptibly nonetheless.

What is disappearing is the era of emergency, exhortation and exertion. The exhortation came from the U.S., along with \$39 billion of aid. The exertion came from the best of European leaders, and both exhortation and exertion came from the emergency of the cold war. Not only the Soviet cooing, but sounds the Russians did not want heard—the clash of revolt and unrest—had destroyed the impulse of emergency.

The drive which produced NATO and propelled Europe onto the road to unification was gone. The European Army Plan (EDC), nearly three years from its conception, stood farther than ever from realization (see box). Italy decided it could now afford to scuttle dependable old Alcide de Gasperi (see FOREIGN NEWS). Konrad Adenauer, the last of the triumvirate of "good Europeans" who piloted Europe on the road to postwar unity, faced new elections in which his survival was by no means certain. The British had about decided to oppose the U.S. at the Korean peace talks on policy in Asia.

Europeans, after eight years of living off U.S. aid, were infected with growing reluctance to accept U.S. leadership. The U.S., after eight years of getting less than it hoped for, was cutting down its aid and growing increasingly impatient with allies who dragged feet or criticized.

Neutral Switzerland's *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, looking on, decided that "the estrangement presently spreading" might do good if it blew away some of "the tensions accumulated in Europe as a result of a one-sided dependence on American aid," and if "the exaggerated American expectations regarding the adoption by its partners of its own political concepts will make way for a more realistic view. . . . All this can have a good effect if the West, at the same time, escapes the dangers involved in any weakening of its inner cohesion in the face of . . . imperialist Communism."

COLD WAR

Eisenhower Parcels

Like locusts descending on a desert oasis, the hungry people of Communist Germany poured into West Berlin. The West, with one million 10-lb. food packets, was ready for a flow of several thousand a day. But hundreds of thousands came. They traveled on foot, by train and subway, by car and bicycle from all corners of East Germany. They brought empty cartons, shopping bags, even empty baby carriages in which to carry home their precious "Eisenhower Parcels"—free food contributed by the U.S.

Poison & Dog Food. Officials had expected to dole the food out slowly over a two-week period. But on the first day, nearly 100,000 East Germans swamped the eight distribution points, lining up in queues 15 and 20 wide, stretching for blocks. The West Germans hurriedly set up another 18 stations, increased the staff from 500 to 3,400, and summoned more food from big West Berlin stockpiles which had been built up against another Red blockade of Berlin. As fast as these supplies were drained, ships and planes brought in new food from the U.S.

The free food was the most successful U.S. diplomatic stroke in Europe since the Berlin airlift. Disturbed and angered, the East German Communists tried every way they could think of to blunt it. Their

with sneers Eisenhower's original offer of \$15 million worth of free food, Communist Premier Otto Grotewohl now offered to buy it "and much more" from the U.S. —if the U.S. would only release \$1,000,000 of East German assets frozen in the U.S. The Soviet government proclaimed a grandiose offer of \$57 million emergency foodstuffs for their zone—burying as deeply as possible the fact that East Germany would be expected to pay for it with manufactured goods. Thus the East German Communists contradicted their own self-righteous insistence that there was neither hunger nor hardship in their half of Germany.

Beggar Programs. But neither threat nor ruse stopped the invasion. The East Germans poured into West Berlin and out



EAST GERMANS WAITING FOR FOOD PACKAGES IN WEST BERLIN
Despite promise, ruse and threat.

Ralph Crane—Life

newspapers warned of retaliation against all who accepted the free food. "No one," thundered the Communist *Neues Deutschland*, "who falls into the trap of the warmongers in West Berlin can later say, when they get him into trouble, that he did not know it." They said that the food was poisoned, that a lot of it was horse meat intended for dogs. They forged copies of a West Berlin newspaper to spread misinformation about it.

Though the Communists had refused

again, carrying their two pounds of lard, bags of dried beans, peas and flour, and four cans of condensed milk. All together, each parcel was worth about \$1.15—not much by Western standards, but plainly a treasure to East Germans. Most came with identity cards of all their family, and some few friends besides, and got a parcel for each one. "I paid 28 marks for my train ticket," said one bedraggled housewife from deep in the Soviet zone, "but I have cards of my husband and children. All the money and the waiting are worth it. The lard, above all."

In a crush of people at the city hall of Schöneberg borough stood peasant women and workers from as far as Thuringia, 125 miles away. In a rumble of gossip they waited for their packages. "Where is the food from?" a woman asked. "Von Westen," someone replied. "Von Eisenhower," another corrected.

At first, U.S. officials soft-pedaled the

Europe's Provinces ALSACE

First of a series in color

see page 49

fact that it was an American program, letting it appear to be what U.S. High Commissioner James B. Conant called Germans feeding Germans. This device got the U.S. more credit (despite organized cries of outrage back in the U.S. in the Scripps-Howard press). And the Communists themselves spoke loudly of "Ami Pakete," so there was no doubt.

When the Reds saw that warnings were not enough, they increased *Volkspolizei* guards at the East-West Berlin borders, sporadically confiscated some of the free food, sporadically took down the names of East Germans who had dared to cross the border to share in the "American Beggar Program," began closing down transport facilities.

After five days of hesitation, in evident fear of a people who so recently had proved desperate and courageous enough to stand against Soviet tanks, the Reds at week's end abruptly shut off all highway and rail traffic to Berlin from five East German provinces. That effectively halted the hungry invasion of West Berlin: lines dropped to a trickle. But East German railroad men reported angry mobs at stations all along their route, storming the ticket offices, and clashing helplessly with armed troops and club-wielding cops.

MIDDLE EAST

A Base for John Bull

Britain's Suez Canal base is less a fortress than a giant imperial department store, crammed to its barbed-wire extremities with jets, fieldpieces, trucks, tanks, uniforms and the 10,000 other requirements of a modern army. The world's largest military depot, it can take 250,000 naked soldiers in at one end, march them out the other equipped to the last brass button (which is just about what it did in World War II with 28 infantry divisions).

Last week, as the Egyptian owners gave renewed signs of canceling her Suez lease, Britain sprang a surprise: a 20-year rental agreement for a new war store just across Egypt's western border. London agreed to pay Libya, the Middle East's newest and poorest kingdom (created by the U.N. out of Mussolini's African empire), a dole of \$2,800,000 annually for at least five years for economic development, plus another \$7,700,000 annually to balance her budget, in return for the right to base British troops and planes in Libya for the next 20 years.

Egypt, getting wind of the negotiations, tried to dissuade her Arab League neighbor, but did not succeed. British power in the Eastern Mediterranean now relies on its bases in Malta (naval) and Iraq (a big air complex at Habbaniya), its military and financial control of the tiny kingdom of Jordan (whose British-trained Arab Legion is the Arab world's finest army) and its army base on the island of Cyprus. Faced with getting out of the Suez, the British at first talked of expanding Cyprus, but ran afoul of Cyprus' lack of harbors and the disfavor of the Cypriotes. The Libya pact was the answer, and an adroit one.

EDC: THE EUROPEAN ARMY

Dead, Dying or Durable?

IN a prefab tacked on to the Palais de Chaillot in Paris, a dozen staff officers are huddled in talk. They are the advance guard of the European Defense Community (EDC)—the curious alphabetic device that is supposed to fuse the armies of France, Germany, Italy and the Low Countries into a single European Army. Among them is the first German general ever to participate in Western strategic planning: Hans Speidel, better known as Rommel's chief of staff.

The officers' common language is French, and one bitter phrase dominates their conversation. "*En principe* [in principle]," they say, there is a European Army uniform. No one knows what color it will be, but *en principe* it exists. Nor has anyone laid eyes on the European Army boot, though *en principe*, footwear will be worn by every one of the 2,000,000 soldiers who, *en principe*, will serve.

EDC is like that: it exists only in principle. All its members, except West Germany, have long since committed their armies to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), whose Supreme Commander is an American: General Alfred M. Gruenther. West Germany has no army, and as a defeated enemy, may not legally rearm until a peace treaty has been signed and sealed. To make German arms palatable to Europeans who still bore the toothmarks of Nazi aggression, a Frenchman (ex-Premier René Pleven) suggested EDC, which would add German strength to NATO, but still enable the West to keep an eye on German militarism.

All of a year's hopes have gone into pleading EDC's case before the Parliaments of Europe, yet in mid-1953, nearly three years after Pleven's proposal, West German rearmament is still a chimera. On both sides of the Atlantic, suspicion is hardening into the conviction that EDC 1) will not be ratified this year, and 2) may never be ratified at all.

The Girl Was a Boy. Only in the Low Countries have parliamentarians shown any real enthusiasm for EDC. The Netherlands' lower chamber ratified EDC by 75 votes to 11 (TIME, Aug. 3). A special committee of the Belgian Parliament has also approved the text, but Belgian lawyers insist that a constitutional amendment is needed.

Bigger obstacles block EDC in the three big nations that are its centerpiece: ITALY'S Alcide de Gasperi is the most singleminded advocate of European "integration." Last week his cabinet fell.

WEST GERMANY'S Parliament, goaded by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, is the only European legislature that has passed EDC through both houses. But is German rearmament constitutional? The German Federal Court will not decide until after the German elections on Sept. 6,

and if it obeys Mister Dooley's law, the judges will follow the election returns. Adenauer's Socialist opponents are pledged to ditch EDC in favor of "German unity"—although they have not explained how they will achieve unity.

FRANCE, where EDC was born, is now trying hard to disown it. The French cabinet demands an impossible price for ratification of EDC: that the Franco-German dispute over the Saar be settled in favor of France; that the U.S. bail France out of Indo-China; that Britain throw in with EDC as a counterbalance to the Germans; that "the integrity of the French Army" (but not of anybody else's) be written into EDC by means of nine protocols. A German diplomat, reflecting his booming country's self-confidence, scoffed: "Father Pleven expected a girl. It turned out to be a boy."

Twin Pillars. EDC is designed to dovetail the armies of Western Europe so that none can be easily withdrawn for aggressive adventures of its own. This is a more complicated ambition than simple rearmament; the result is a complicated blueprint. At the top, EDC will have 1) a Council of Ministers, 2) an 87-man Assembly, 3) a nine-man Commissariat, serving as a six-nation general staff. Together, EDC and the Schuman Coal-Steel Plan will form the military and economic pillars of a still more visionary federation: the U.S. of Europe.

To ally French fears that German recruits might coalesce into a new, nationalistic *Wehrmacht*, EDC will integrate its units at the division level. There will be no German General Staff; goose-stepping is *verboten*. The main contributions to the proposed 43-division force:

France: 14 divisions, 750 planes.

Germany: 12 divisions.*

Italy: 12 divisions, 450 planes.

Benelux: 5 divisions, 600 planes.

By signing the 131-article treaty, all six EDC members promise to regard an attack on one as an attack upon all. And all 14 members of NATO, including the U.S., are treaty-bound to come to the aid of any part of EDC attacked by an aggressor. The U.S. and Britain, who would not belong to EDC, separately guarantee to treat a "threat to the integrity or unity of EDC" as a "threat to their own security." A German attempt to bolt EDC would presumably constitute such a threat.

Ancient Dream. The urge—and need—to add German divisions to NATO is the No. 1 reason for EDC. Reason No. 2 is a long-term political objective: European Union. By intermingling the armies of France and Germany, Pan-Europeans like

* Germany will have an air force, but a clause in the EDC Treaty forbids it to build war planes, atomic weapons, guided missiles and battleships.

Konrad Adenauer, Alcide de Gasperi and France's Jean Monnet confidently hoped to stanch the national rivalries that have convulsed their Continent for centuries.

This mixture of distant idealism and a more practical military expedience has won EDC the kind of high-minded support that simple, naked German rearmament could not hope for. "Some seem to think that EDC has no purpose except to meet the threat from the Soviet Union," said John Foster Dulles recently. "That is not the true case at all." European unity, said Dulles, is "necessary in itself."

Adenauer has even suggested that EDC, a "purely defensive alliance," should give the Soviet Union a guarantee against attack, in return for a similar—and enforceable—undertaking from the Communists.

Alphabetic Cipher. If EDC were fact, the Communists might respond to these stirring challenges. As it is, they can thumb their noses at an alphabetic cipher. Three years of delay and cavil have convinced many Europeans and more Americans that nothing so troublesome, and so lukewarmly supported, as EDC can ever work well. The case against EDC:

¶ That having lost its momentum, EDC is stalled, and likely to stay stalled.

¶ That EDC is too complicated. "An imperfect treaty, full of faults," complained a Dutch supporter.

¶ That EDC demands too great a surrender of a nation's sovereignty (control of its armed forces) to be politically acceptable. Coalitions are consistent with a nation's self-esteem; a common uniform and an intertwined command are not.

¶ That EDC is militarily cumbersome and impractical. General Gruenther insists that EDC is "completely feasible and workable," but a lot of lesser hands don't think so.

¶ That EDC is part of a "crash" build-up program to meet an emergency that no longer exists in so threatening a form. Those now unwilling to make the sacrifice demanded in EDC point out that the U.S. (despite its talk of no relaxation) is now cutting its arms budget and its foreign aid. General Gruenther, called home to testify before the Senate Appropriations Committee on becoming head of NATO, said: "I do not think war is ever going to come [in Europe]. We are going to stop it from starting . . ."

Counterforces. To be sure, Gruenther added that "if ever there was a time for relaxation, this is not it." But Europeans are resigned to this kind of U.S. moralizing. Not even EDC's most ardent champions expect ratification before mid-1954. Three big counterforces bar the way:

The First is Russia, which can be expected to pay a high diplomatic price to prevent German rearmament on the side of the West. In France, the Russians peddle the line that German arms are no longer necessary because the danger of Soviet attack is "remote and receding." In Germany, its agents hint that the Red army might be withdrawn from the rebellious East Zone in return for a German pledge of "neutrality."

The Second counterforce is German unity, the only campaign issue that could upset Konrad Adenauer in the September elections. Adenauer's Socialist opponents charge that the integration of the West German Republic into a West European alliance will make permanent the partition of their country.

The 77-year-old Chancellor vigorously repudiates this point of view. So does the U.S. "I do not and have never accepted the theory that EDC and [German] unification are mutually exclusive," wrote President Eisenhower in an open letter to Adenauer. "Quite the contrary." EDC, said the President, is "the simplest, most unequivocal, and most self-evident demonstration of strength for peace . . ."

The President's letter was primarily intended to boom Adenauer's chances in the West German election by associating the West (and therefore Adenauer) with the vote-compelling issue of German unity. It also confirmed what the Washington conference of Big Three Foreign Ministers had previously implied: that U.S. policy is groping towards a new order of priorities in Europe. Instead of telling the West Germans: "First join EDC, then worry about reunification afterwards," the U.S. is now inclined to give EDC and reunification equal priority, letting events prove which one has the better chance of being achieved. The change is one of emphasis more than of direction: Washington has simply recognized that 1) revolt in East Germany has given reunification a political appeal; 2) German unity is probably inevitable in the long run anyway, and therefore should be supported.

The Third stumbling block is the French Assembly. Many of its members fear German arms more than they do the Russians. Divided and politically stagnant, Frenchmen are appalled at the "miracle of West German recovery," which has already outstripped French industry. They greet the prospect of German soldiers, even in European Army suits, with cries of "German militarism."

French fears are not groundless, even if exaggerated. A united Reich, 68 million strong, would quickly dominate Western and Central Europe. It might use its weight to play off the West against the East; it could conceivably pull a second Rapallo in exchange for Soviet concessions at the expense of satellite Poland. (Russia and Poland occupy 44,500 square miles of former German territory east of the Oder-Neisse Rivers.) Or, if it did not make a deal with Russia, a united Germany might do the opposite: plunge Europe into a war for its lost provinces.

France Must Ratify. French reactions to the reviving German problem are a mixture of fear and wishful thinking. Gaulists, while saying that they recognize the need for German arms, seriously propose that Germany should be forbidden by treaty to grow stronger than France. Communists, and many Socialists, point to Soviet peace gestures, hoping, in an undefined way, for a Franco-Soviet arrangement to keep Germany "neutralized."

The fact is that EDC is the best political bargain France can hope to make over German rearmament. A European Army offers controlled German arms, watched over by the U.S. and Britain. It is possible only because Konrad Adenauer also fears a revival of the German "military monster" and what it might do to democracy's precarious hold on the German people. Yet still the French stall.

Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein recently put into words some of the exasperation that French stalling provokes. "EDC," said Monty, "has got to be started. Get the damn thing launched and push it, you chaps, push it along . . . The French must ratify it. They must! They produced this thing, and they must jolly well ratify it . . ."

Alternatives. The U.S. State Department is convinced that EDC could be ratified (by a narrow five-vote margin) if the French cabinet would really put the heat on the Assembly. But no French government has so far shown the political courage to force the issue.

It is official U.S. policy not to talk of alternatives to EDC. Yet they obviously exist:

¶ To continue NATO without German arms. But Western military men insist that German arms are needed "to plug the gap in the middle."

¶ To press for German membership in NATO itself. Advantage: German troops could be speedily recruited for Western defense, without the cumbersomeness of intermixed commands. France almost certainly would veto this plan; it could make the veto stick not only as a NATO member, but as one of the three Western powers occupying Germany.

¶ To negotiate a U.S. pact with Germany outside NATO, as the U.S. has already done with Spain. But geography alone would make it difficult for the U.S. to support the Germans without French collaboration: the very supply lines for U.S. bases in Germany traverse France. Even more disastrous would be the sundering of the Western alliance implicit in any break with France.

The hard fact is that Germany can only be safely and effectively allied with the West through some multinational coalition in which the French acquiesce. Yet the threat of a separate U.S. agreement with Germany may well prove the strongest single weapon in the U.S. diplomatic armory. Washington cannot forever let French political weakness keep Europe (including France itself) at the mercy of the Red army.

EDC, with all its faults, seems better than any alternative that now appears realizable. The question is whether the energy, courage and imagination necessary to put it across can be summoned up at this late hour by the U.S. and by an increasingly lethargic Western Europe. The opposition is not someone with a better plan, but the complacent figure of old Mr. Micawber, always hoping that something better will turn up somehow. In Micawber's case, it never did.

NEWS IN PICTURES

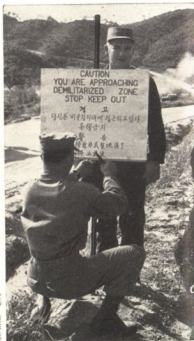
CEASE-FIRE DISPLAY lights up mountains and night sky in blaze of peace as United Na-

tions and Communist troops shoot off flares to signal the moment of armistice in Korea.

ALL QUIET



Associated Press



AP Wirephoto

TRUCE SIGN, with warning in English, Korean and Chinese, is erected at side of road to screen off neutral zone between armies.

HAPPY SOLDIERS of U.S. 7th Division, toting picks and shovels, give a last look to battleground after tearing down fortifications.



International

IN KOREA

U.S. Marine Corps—United Press



MUDDY MARINES, weary at end of three days and nights of trench warfare, puff on cigarettes and relax in bunker after hearing the news of cease-fire.



Michael Rosenberg—UPI

BURIAL PARTIES meet in no man's land as marines watch Chinese troops recover the bodies of fallen comrades with litters of canvas

and rough poles. Walking gingerly on ground strewn with dud shells and grenades, some cover noses against stench of death.

FOREIGN NEWS

KOREA

Tug of War

As it hesitantly approached the post-treuce political conference to try to settle the future of Korea, the U.S. was being jerked and stretched like a hawser in a great diplomatic tug of war.

On one side stood South Korea's stubborn Syngman Rhee, demanding implacable enmity to the Communists. On the other stood the U.S.'s European allies—in particular, Great Britain—demanding conciliatory gestures to Red China. When the political conference fails, insisted Rhee (he said "when," not "if"), South Korea wants to resume the war to unify Korea. The U.S., he insisted, had committed itself to joining him in resuming the war. The U.S. had made no such flat promise.

On the other side of the globe, the British rose to a gentlemanly boil when they read that John Foster Dulles would not agree to a bargain that admitted the Chinese aggressors to the U.N. Dulles also said, before taking off for Korea to visit Rhee, that the U.S. would walk out of the Korean talks after 90 days if they were getting nowhere.

"It seems extraordinary to me," cried Labor's ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee, "that [at] this conference Korean unity must be achieved, and that . . . if everything does not go exactly as Mr. Dulles wants it, then the U.S. may go on its own . . . That is a very dangerous matter." Labor backbencher Jack Jones carried this attack on policy into personal vituperation. "I do not want to be rude," he said, "but one could quickly misconstrue the word 'Dulles' into 'dull ass.'"

Though more polite, Tories talked the same way (no one had a kind word for Dulles). "Her Majesty's government believe that the [Peking] government should represent China in the United Nations," said Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd. "We do not say that recognition should be at once, but it . . . should be discussed . . ."

The *Economist* gently twitted the Laborites for arguing that "the right way to approach a bargaining match with Oriental Communists is to tell them in advance that their main demand will be conceded." But even in that, the *Economist* seemed to be saying that if Britons would just be patient, the U.S. would back down.

Fifteen years ago, Lord Beaverbrook's powerful *Daily Express* (circ. 4,000,000) tried hard to convince the world that Hitler was not dangerous. Last week Beaverbrook's *Express* set the tone for wanting to do business with the Communists, in words that Nye Bevan could not top: "In Britain," said the *Express*, "the people want world peace . . . The conviction prevails that the world is ready for peace and that governments, whatever their character, must yield to the popular will on this issue . . . Statesmen must obey their master, the public, when the master has made up his mind."

Wary Peace

Truce is not something front-line soldiers are trained for; the feeling was strange. Across the front, the Chinese and North Koreans had their orders; they worked hard to convince the U.N. soldiers that the armistice was an occasion for fun & frolic.

At T-Bone Hill, the Reds built an arch of evergreen boughs, invited the G.I.s to "come on over and we will walk through the arch as brothers." At Arsenal Hill, Chinese banged pans, shuffled through the *Yangko* (harvest dance), while a man's voice, in good English, boomed over the loudspeaker: "Hello, G.I. The war is over. Let's sing together *My Old*



Howard Schuchter—LIFE

SYNGMAN RHEE
When, he said—not if.

Kentucky Home, I'll give you the beat first." Nobody took him up, so he sang alone.

At Old Baldy the Chinese displayed big cardboard Picasso "peace doves," ran up red, yellow and pink flags, and erected on the crest a huge sign proclaiming "celebration for the signing of the armistice." While G.I.s ogled, Chinese and North Korean girls, in pigtails and with slacks rolled above the knee, sang plaintive songs into hillside microphones and invited their audience to "come on over and talk."

The Grisly Hours. Only in a few places did G.I.s disobey the Eighth Army order not to mingle with the enemy. Even then, it was not to "celebrate." A few days before the truce, marines on the western front had been engaged in a fierce fight with the Chinese. Two hundred bodies, all but a few of them Chinese, lay on East Berlin Hill and in the valley around the outpost. At the first dawn of peace, a

handful of Chinese started up the slope toward Marine positions 25 yards away. Carefully the Reds wound through the debris of war: unexploded hand grenades, live mortar shells, empty machine-gun belts, smashed helmets—and the bodies. The marines let the Chinese pass a makeshift barrier, but spurned proffered Chinese cigarettes. Then one marine pointed at a Chinese corpse lying head down in a marine trench, and at a mutilated body of a marine on the Chinese side. He swept his hand back and forth to signify a trade. The Chinese agreed. For three silent, grisly hours, the Chinese and marines pulled their dead from each other's cluttered trenches.

"Do Not Enter." There was other work to be done. Stripped to the waist in the hot sun, G.I.s tore sandbags from front-line bunkers and cut them up so that the Chinese might not sneak in and recover them. Heavy timbers, imported from the U.S., were salvaged and trucked to the rear. Camouflage netting and barbed wire were rolled up and taken away. For three days roads near the front were churned to dust as hundreds of trucks, shuttling to and from the front, carted off tons of ammunition, guns, flamethrowers, heavy machine guns, stoves, radios and telephone wire. Rear units knocked down tents and mess halls that had stood undisturbed for two years. Artillery pieces backed out of semi-permanent, neatly fenced-in positions, surrounded by bushes and flowers.

All along the front, troops began erecting a double-strand barbed-wire fence, posted signs in English and Korean reading "South Limit Demilitarized Zone. Do Not Enter." All that remained in the scarred and desolate area beyond the signs were the mines and booby traps which the armistice commission must destroy within 45 days.

What Next? At dawn on the third day, G.I.s donned their "flak jackets" and helmets again, moved down the scarred slopes from dozens of famous hills where U.N. soldiers had died: Heartbreak Ridge, Whitehorse Mountain, Christmas Hill, The Hook, Little Gibraltar. Somber and unsmiling, the men wondered what would happen to them next.

Above & Beyond

At West Point, Richard Shea doggedly set one Academy record after another on the track field: the indoor mile (4:10), and both the indoor and outdoor two miles. Turning up in Korea in the closing weeks of the fighting, 2nd Lieut. Shea led a platoon of Able Company, 17th Infantry Regiment on Pork Chop Hill. One night the company was heavily hit by a Chinese attack, but stood its ground. Lieut. Shea led two counterattacks that night and three the next day. His own company was cut up; he himself got a shrapnel wound in the neck. But doggedly refusing evacuation, he joined up with

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George Company in one more attack. He was not seen again, and is now listed as missing in action.

Last week Lieut. Shea was recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor, for valorous action "above and beyond the call of duty." So far, exactly 100 Medals of Honor have been awarded for the Korean war: 61 in the Army, 34 to Marines, four in the Navy, one in the Air Force.

INDO-CHINA

Street Without Joy

The French have a good way to describe a tired army. They say it needs revalorizing. Since his arrival in Indo-China three months ago, General Henri Navarre has been revalorizing the French Union army by converting it from static defense to fluid offense. For his showpiece of fluidity, Navarre chose to attack a 15-mile string of Communist-infested Annamese villages, called by the laconic Legionnaires "The Street Without Joy," because of their long and bitter record of resistance.

Navarre attacked by sea, land and air in the face of immense physical odds. High winds and storm clouds scattered his parachutists, rain delayed his infantry. By nightfall the villages were surrounded. But under cover of darkness the Viet Minh had filtered through the French lines, or disappeared into swampland hideouts. The battle pointed up the basic difficulty of valorizing the war in Indo-China: the Viet Minh are everywhere and nowhere; they wage war by sabotage, terror, propaganda and guerrilla action.

The truce in Korea increased the French government's hankering for a settlement in Indo-China. Said Premier Laniel last week: "France is now the only great nation at war, pursuing . . . a battle in contempt of her own interests." In Paris, three alternatives are being examined by the Laniel cabinet: 1) continuing with the Navarre plan of fluid attack in the hope of finally wiping out the main resistance; 2) building up the native Vietnamese army to a point where it can take over the country's defense; 3) opening direct negotiations with Viet Minh Leader Ho Chi Minh, if he can be found.

The first alternative is acceptable only if the U.S. puts up the money, and indications are that the U.S. may not. The second alternative, favored by Chief of State Bao Dai, now in Paris, will require time and a generous assignment of French officers to train the Vietnamese soldiers—something the French, whose officer cadres are already much depleted, are reluctant to do. The third alternative is vigorously opposed by non-Communist Indo-Chinese, who fear that Red flags will be flying in Hanoi and Saigon within hours of a political armistice. The non-Communist Indo-Chinese have their own plan: complete independence within the French Union. Without that, truce talk for them is premature and cowardly.

It was not Indo-China, but Paris, that needed revalorizing.

PAKISTAN

Fresh Rosebuds, Old Suspicions

Resplendent in white *khadi*, with the inevitable red rosebud in his buttonhole, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru flew to Karachi last week. Prime Minister Mohammed Ali was on hand to greet him, while more than 100,000 Pakistanis lined the dusty streets, waving Indian flags as well as their own. From a people that had expected, feared or threatened war with India for six years, this was indeed a surprising welcome.

For three days, the ministers talked in an atmosphere just as cordial. They quickly agreed that trade and travel restrictions along their borders should be eased—in itself an important step. But when they came to the complex question of Kashmir, there was no agreement. Mohammed Ali repeated Pakistan's claim that the 4,000-

HONG KONG

All Ashore

The "endless ferryboat ride" was over. Last week, after 296 round trips, Michael Patrick O'Brien, the "stateless Irishman" who had been forced to ride the Hong Kong-Macao ferry continuously since Sept. 18, 1952 (*TIME*, Oct. 13 *et seq.*), was whisked ashore and shipped off to Brazil. As O'Brien departed amid general sighs of relief, the Hong Kong police revealed that he was no Irishman at all, but a Hungarian named Istvan Ragan, whose youth had been passed largely in U.S. jails and reform schools, whose manhood was spent mostly in Shanghai's Blood Alley, where procuring, white slavery and dope peddling is the way of life.

Two captains had quit their jobs on the *Lee Hong* because of O'Brien during



PANDIT NEHRU, MADAME PANDIT & THE MOHAMMED ALIS
From bloody partition to cordial hopes of peace.

United Press

000 Kashmiris, 75% of whom are Moslems, should be allowed to decide by plebiscite which nation they would join; Nehru, as usual, agreed but would not say when the plebiscite might be taken. And at week's end, they put out a communiqué that reflected the friendly but inconclusive tone of their meeting. They announced that Mohammed Ali would shortly return the call in New Delhi.

Their talks did much to ease the tension that has lasted since 1947, when more than 500,000 Hindus and Moslems were killed, and 12 million made homeless during the carnage that followed the partition of India. There was hope that the two nations, by forgoing their old suspicions, might reduce their crippling defense budgets (50% for India, 65% for Pakistan). Said Mohammed Ali: "The resources that both countries are now devoting to arming themselves against each other . . . could be devoted to the great task of raising deplorably low living standards."

his enforced cruise on the ferry. Last March, after the unwelcome passenger threatened to "break every bone in your lime-juicing body," a third tossed him into the ship's brig, where O'Brien continued to do a profitable smuggling trade through a porthole. But none of O'Brien's peccadilloes could discourage the kindly agents of the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees or the National Catholic Welfare Council from busily working for his release. "He's had his punishment," said an officer of the N.C.W.C. as O'Brien at last got a visa from broad-minded Brazil. "Now he's getting another chance."

BURMA

Influential Translator

Tucked helplessly in an endlessly potential storm center of East-West politics, the amiable, ultranationalistic people of Burma need all the moral encouragement they can get. Last week Burma invited

the U.S.'s ebullient uplifter Dale Carnegie to come and deliver a series of lectures on 1) courage, 2) systematic-mindedness, 3) noble character, 4) honesty, and 5) perseverance. He needs no introduction: Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* has long been a bestseller in Burma; its translator is none other than Prime Minister U Nu.

JAPAN

Trade with China

Portent of the future: in the lower house of the Japanese Diet last week, Kazuo Nakai, a government supporter, moved a resolution urging the government to "take appropriate steps to expedite Japan-China trade through relaxation of export bans." In a standing vote, all members present rose quickly to their feet in approval.

ISRAEL

Going to Jerusalem

Diplomacy in Israel last week had a sort of Gilbert & Sullivan air about it. The Foreign Ministry was in Jerusalem, the ambassadors were in Tel Aviv, and neither side would visit the other. If Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett wanted to impart important information to Britain or the U.S., he bypassed their emissaries 40 miles away and sent word halfway around the world to his ambassadors to go see the Foreign Office or the State Department. The only direct, official link between the foreign minister and the diplomats was a lone assistant protocol officer left behind in Tel Aviv, and even he disappeared for four days last week to take his law examination.

The trouble began three weeks ago when Foreign Minister Sharett announced that he would join his fellow cabinet ministers in the Holy City, Israel's capital. Would the diplomats please pack up and come along?

They would not. Led by Britain and the U.S., the diplomats sat firmly in Tel Aviv, contending that the 1949 U.N. resolution recommending Jerusalem's internationalization prevented them from doing anything that would acknowledge Jerusalem as Israel's capital. The French ambassador, who much prefers Jerusalem's cool heights to raucous Tel Aviv, longed to transfer, but to his request Paris replied: "Coordinate your actions with the U.S. and Britain." The Italian chargé d'affaires responded to Sharett's invitation by offering to buy the Foreign Minister's Tel Aviv house now that Sharett was moving. Upshot: of the 25 emissaries accredited to Israel, only one—the Netherlands minister—is now in Jerusalem, and he has lived there all along.

By last week the Israelis were wondering whether they had not been hasty, and got confirmation when Secretary of State Dulles publicly charged that Israel "embarrassed" the U.N. with an "inopportune" act.

Besides, two could play at the ancient

game of Going to Jerusalem. Two C-47s landed on the Arab side of divided Jerusalem, bearing Premier Fawzi Mulki and the entire Jordan cabinet. After a three-hour session in Government House, only 700 yards from the armistice line, the ministers announced that henceforth Jordan's cabinet would split their session between Amman and Jerusalem. Cried Premier Mulki: "From this day on, Jerusalem has become the second capital of Jordan."

ITALY

De Gasperi's Fall

It was Rome's hottest day of the summer, and a dismal day for Premier Alcide de Gasperi. The Monarchists and neo-Fascists stuck stonily to their decision to throw all their votes against him. His long-time allies of the center, the Liberals, Social Democrats and Republicans, would not give him even one of their 38 votes.



CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS' PICCIONI
Right turn ahead.

The Red Socialists of Pietro Nenni and their friends the Communists sat in the Chamber of Deputies behind smug smiles of triumph. "Italy," said owlish Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti placidly, "will certainly and inevitably pass through the Communist experience in the end."

"I Prefer Death." Fatigued and discouraged from two weeks of trying to patch together a parliamentary majority, 72-year-old Premier de Gasperi rose to his feet for one last appeal. Democracy could not compromise with the Red left or the black right and survive, he insisted, speaking calmly but with a dry, bitter awareness of what was to come. The rightists could not be trusted, he said. As for the Communists and the Red Socialists: "We cannot entrust the country to either Communism or a coalition which would lead under the Cominform and invariably lead to forced labor, concentration camps and

slavery. Rome would thus share the fate of Moscow and Prague. . . . I am not prepared to be either an Italian Kerensky or a Von Papen. To this I would prefer political or physical death."

But only the deputies of his Christian Democratic Party seemed to listen to the Premier's plea. Togliatti buried his nose in a picture magazine. The opposition demanded the vote. By a margin of 19 votes—282 to 263, with 37 center deputies abstaining—the Chamber rejected Alcide de Gasperi's proposed cabinet and propelled Italy into her worst political crisis since the war. Only once before in 31 years had an Italian Parliament forced a Premier to resign. His name was Luigi Facta, and the man who soon succeeded him was Benito Mussolini.

A sad-faced De Gasperi quickly asked the Chamber to suspend, then drove 40 miles to the summer home of President Luigi Einaudi to report his defeat and submit his resignation.

It was a blow to democracy in Italy, and a blow to the Western alliance. Italy had, temporarily at least, rejected the leader who for eight years had fought steadfastly for parliamentary democracy while surrounded by parliamentarians dedicated to the destruction of democracy. The West had, at a crucial moment, lost its staunch apostle of NATO, EDC and European unification. "Italy may be entering upon a new period of political disturbance and uncertainty," mourned the London Times. "Signor de Gasperi's defeat is a shock to the complacency about the political stability of the Western world."

Patchwork of Cliques. For a new leader, the country could hardly look beyond De Gasperi's own Christian Democrats, who hold 40% of the Parliament, against 35% for the Reds and Red Socialists, 13% for the Monarchists and neo-Fascists. But without a shrewd bargainer and clever parliamentarian like De Gasperi to coalesce them, the Christian Democrats are not so much a single team as a patchwork of conflicting blocs and cliques which stretch from modified socialism to near monarchism. As his first choice for new Premier, President Einaudi reached to the party's right wing and picked Attilio Piccioni, the Vice Premier, who was expected to attempt a deal with the Monarchists—something Alcide de Gasperi would not do. Piccioni's first step: to insist that De Gasperi be his Foreign Minister. Even in defeat, De Gasperi was still a man to reckon with.

Water on Capri

For centuries, dreamers as disparate in time and temperament as Rome's Emperor Augustus and Sweden's Author-Doctor Axel Munthe found Italy's idyllic Isle of Capri a perfect spot in which to get away from it all. Augustus' misanthropic successor Tiberius found the island's solitude so inspiring that he often invited tedious friends out to the imperial villa for the weekend, only to push them off a cliff as soon as they arrived. The only thing Capri lacked was a supply of fresh water. Rain



1. Said Jumping Horse, the Indian Chief, "I leave-um reservation, to come to town and see-um sights and have heap big vacation. I go to Hotel Statler—every man say that's the best; you get-um more for wampum, and you really be-um guest."



2. His Statler room was spotless clean from radio to rug. Chief Jumping Horse was quite impressed—he told the bellman, "Ugh! This wigwam plenty good! I stay —I like-um big soft bed. It suitable for Chief like me to lay his noble head."



3. "How! How!" cried Jumping Horse when he was in the Statler tub—"How come this water good and hot? Is perfect for a scrub! How come is so much soap? How come these towels all so white? How come I never come before to Statler for-um night?"



4. When later in the dining room he saw his order come, he dove right in and ate it, and exchanged his "Ugh!" for "Umm!" He told the waiter, "Tell-um chef I say him write a book, so Jumping Horse can give to squaw to teach her how to cook."



5. Next day, the big Chief Jumping Horse was seen up on the roof engaged in sending signals, which, translated poof by poof, read, "Indian braves, stay Statler when you travel anywhere—take trail to heart of town —you sure to find-um Statler there!"



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NIGHTCLUB POOL ON CAPRI
The eels like it fresh.

Publifofo

water, collected in cisterns, had to suffice Augustus, Munthe and all Capriotti.

In recent years, bellwethered by Britain's literary leprechaun, the late Norman (South Wind) Douglas, many more bored people from the hectic capitals of the world have sought to get away from it all on Capri. They have succeeded only in bringing it all with them. Lavish hotels, *boites* and *bistros* now abound on the island. Tree-lined walks that once soothed lonely philosophers have turned into a midway featuring the most expensive and expendable freaks on earth. Black velvet bullfighters' pants, a strapless bra, a conical hat seemingly made of macaroni, and masses of straw junk-jewelry are conservative evening wear for the well-dressed lady on Capri this season, while Capri's male vacationers find a tastefully tinted athletic supporter most becoming for cocktails on the beach.

To keep all this fashionably exposed flesh clean, Capri's hostellers must still import fresh bath water by tankers from Naples. The hauling contract has proved to be a gold mine: a cubic meter of water costing 4 lire at Naples sells for 300 lire on Capri. The old adage that "wine is cheaper than water in Capri," is truer than ever.

Last year a vacationing Italian engineer and nobleman dragged his gaze away from Capri's ubiquitous Bikini bathing suits long enough to notice some eels at play. Those particular eels, thought the Marchese Domingo de Mistura, need fresh water. Their presence was an unmistakable sign that there must be fresh-water springs under the island. With little more than that to go on, Mistura persuaded local and Italian officials to help him drill a well. Last week, after five months of digging through folds of hard rock near

Anapici, he struck fresh water at a point 171 feet below the sea surface. His theory: that he had struck an underground stream of water flowing from the Apennines near Naples. Whether it was enough to supply the island's whole need—and to make the marchese's fortune—was a question for the future. Meanwhile, said the marchese, contentedly quaffing the cool, fresh liquid, "it tastes better than champagne."

GREAT BRITAIN

Gastronomic Triumph

"England," complained the Marquis di Caraccioli, a discriminating Neapolitan foreign minister in the 18th century, "has more than 60 different religions and only one sauce—melted butter." Other Continental gourmets, to whom the savoring of a delicately shaded sauce is almost a religion in itself, have shared his uncompromising views of English cookery. But the English, firmly entrenched behind impenetrable ramparts of bubble & squeak, cold shape and suet pudding, have gone right on boiling their Brussels sprouts and slicing their mutton too thick.

Last week British obstinacy won a surprising victory over Continental superiority. After a two-day stay at the 300-year-old Castle Hotel in Taunton, a visiting chevalier of the *Cercle Gastronomique de Belgique* went home to Belgium and talked his fellow epicures into awarding the English hotel its *Grand Prix* for the year. He was eloquent in praise of the roast duckling, the apple tart, the port-touched Stilton. Castle Chef Charles Inch accepted the prize (a silver cup, 18 inches high) for himself and England with becoming modesty. "We can't always please 100% of our customers," he said. "I just try to please 99½%."

IRAN

Chaos in the Sun

In Teheran Premier Mossadegh told the nation it must choose between him and that "hotbed of wrecking operations," the Majlis. The opposition met in Mullah Kashani's garden to protest, and got into a knife fight (one killed, scores hurt). But these stirring events did not arouse southern Iranians to their customary passion. The reason: it was 120° in the shade, 181° in the sun.

The heat, Iran's worst in 60 years, came in with a terrible wind called "sharji." Soon the asphalt of the sidewalks was melting in the sun. In Abadan and Khorramshahr, all shops closed down, and the oil company's air-conditioning system would not work because the water warmed too quickly in the condenser. Abadan's two ice plants (capacity: 70 tons a day) could not meet the demand as smugglers shipped heavy loads out to oil-rich Kuwait and Qatar. In ten days, Iran's heat wave killed 158 people.

GERMANY

Boy Meets Freedom

Flickering klieg lights lit the sky on one spot along an East-West Berlin frontier one night last week. American Movie Director Victor Vicas was shooting a film called *No Way Back*. The plot: boy soldier in the Soviet zone meets German girl, boy loves girl, boy and girl free to freedom in the West. Cameras whirled, the "Red" leading man escaped the Vopo extras amidst a spatter of fake bullets, someone yelled "Cut!" and the director got ready for the next scene.

An assistant director beckoned Vicas into the shadowy ruins near by. There stood a trembling, high-cheekboned lad in Soviet uniform. "*Ich Kamerad,*" he said. "*Bringen Amerikansky Offizier!*"

Ninety minutes earlier, Private Leonid Ashkhenin of the Red army, Tommy gun slung across his chest, had paced back & forth guarding the showy marble Russian war memorial in Berlin's British sector. He had orders to bar visitors at night, but an elderly German couple had strolled by, and Leonid let them pass. A Red lieutenant came out of the guard shack, snapped at Ashkhenin: "For what you just did, you can be shot tomorrow."

This decided Ashkhenin, a 20-year-old draftee from a village in the Urals. A moment after the officer left, he scampered across the street into the densely shrubbed Tiergarten, and hid out there, hugging the ground, while a Russian party tried to find him. Then he ripped off his epaulettes, tossed away his Tommy gun and ran toward the first lights he could see, the kliegs of *No Way Back*.

Director Vicas, who is Russian-born, heard the soldier's story and then asked him: "Boy, have you thought what you've done? If you go back, they'll punish you, certainly. But this way, you'll never again see your mother or your friends."

"I cannot go back," said Ashkhenin.



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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Quick Switch

The exchange of ambassadors between modern nations is usually as prescribed as a minuet. Last week, after it had gone through the diplomatic formalities of clearing a new ambassador with the Argentine government, the U.S. State Department pulled a switch as startling as a fast buck & wing. It announced that Ambassador Albert F. Nufer would remain in Argentina. Ambassador Willard Beaulac,



Richard Meek

PRESIDENT-ELECT FIGUERES
For the U.S., a clear pledge.

scheduled to move to Argentina from Cuba, will go to Chile instead.

Main reason for the switch: a strong recommendation from Milton Eisenhower, who had been much impressed with Nufer during his fact-finding mission to Argentina. From Buenos Aires, Milton phoned his brother in Washington, and Ike passed the word to the State Department to keep Nufer on the job.

COSTA RICA

Middle Class Reformer

While he was running Costa Rica in 1948-49 as head of a revolutionary junta, José ("Don Pepe") Figueres had his hands full with the aftermath of civil war, but he still found time to start turning his country into the moderately socialized state he wanted. Figueres nationalized the banks, slapped a 10% tax on capital, raised wages by government decree. Complained one wealthy cattleman: "God made the world in six days, but look at what Figueres is trying to do in one night!"

Last week the *grandes finqueros* really had something to worry about. Figueres was elected President of Costa Rica by a

2 to 1 vote over his conservative opponent. Next November he will take over the presidency from Otilio Ulate and, barring death or revolution, will have four years to turn his plans into reality.

Figueres, educated at M.I.T. and recently divorced from an American wife, is something of a phenomenon in Costa Rica. After college, he bought a barren finca in Cartago which he called *La Lucha Sin Fin* (Struggle Without End), in recognition of the farmer's never-ending battle with nature. There he learned firsthand about the peasants' problems, set up a private welfare state for his own workers. He built them clean bungalows, saw them well fed from a community vegetable farm and a dairy that provided free milk for every child. In 1948, when the outgoing government tried to deny the legally elected Otilio Ulate the presidency, Figueres led a motley band of students, clerks and farm workers, many of them armed with .22 sporting rifles, to victory over the government forces. Then he took control himself for 18 months before he decided it was safe to turn the presidency over to Ulate.

Last week, flushed with the greatest popular vote ever received by a Costa Rican politician, Pepe Figueres was talking softly. He pledged that U.S. investment capital would find an "environment of safety and honesty" in Costa Rica. "There is one thing I want to make clear: this is going to be a pro-United States government. That is definite."

Figueres did not spell out his intentions toward the United Fruit Co., but he is determined to make the company cut Costa Rica in for a bigger share of its profits or else pull out.

The middle-road socialist government of Denmark is Figueres' ideal. "Our movement," he said, "is not in any sense a Marxian revolution. It is really a revolution of the middle class."

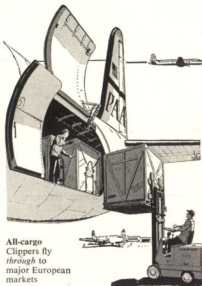
CUBA

Strongman's Headache

President Fulgencio Batista was a worried strongman last week. While he was awarding regatta prizes at Varadero Beach, a band of less than 200 uniformed men attacked the army barracks in Santiago de Cuba. Local troops drove off the rebels, pursued them into the hills and captured a cache of weapons and uniforms near Siboney. As the mop-up continued, casualties mounted to 82 dead and 36 wounded; it was Latin America's bloodiest revolt since last year's uprising in Bolivia (TIME, April 28, 1952).

Batista suspended all constitutional rights for 90 days, slapped a censorship on press and radio, and started a round-up of oppositionists. He also alerted the air force and navy against a sea invasion. Next day, in a television show from Camp Columbia outside Havana, he announced that the revolt was over. But no one in Cuba doubted that others would follow.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At San Francisco airport, the crowd waiting to greet General **Mark Clark** on his return from the Far East caught sight first of Mrs. Clark, who flashed a wide-open look of joy when she spied her daughter, Mrs. Gordon Oosting. After welcoming ceremonies and a four-mile parade, the Clarks went on to New Orleans, where the general served as best man at the wedding of their only son, Major William Clark, 28, a thrice-wounded Korean veteran, and 25-year-old Fashion Model Audrey Loflin.

Peevish c. Sculptor **Jacob Epstein**, who gets more respectable as the years go by, was not surprised when a committee of distinguished fellow Britons unanimously selected him as the man best qualified to create a memorial to South Africa's late Field Marshal **Jan Christian Smuts**. Said he: "I deserve it."

In Hollywood to discuss the filming of her Texas-baiting novel, *Giant*, **Edna Ferber** appeared unconcerned about how Texans would take to the movie. Said she: "I think they're kind of getting worn down now, like you do after a good big fight. They're wiping the sweat from their collective brows and admitting, 'Well, maybe some of us are like that, at that.'"

Taking care not to nick her big, flat hat, **Esperanza Wayne**, estranged wife of Cinemactor **John Wayne**, poked her head out the window of her pickup truck in a fetching demonstration of woe. The truck, used for hauling garbage and dirt about her Encino, Calif. home, "is my only transportation," she wailed. Her Cadillac



ESPERANZA WAYNE
Home by garbage truck.



THE MARK CLARKS
Greetings for a member of the wedding.

had been attached for bills run up since she and Wayne parted last year. **Esperanza** was asking the superior court for \$9,000 a month to live on, instead of the \$1,100 temporary alimony granted her pending their divorce trial next October.

"While I lived in the United States I was a science-fiction addict myself," confessed Hungarian Author **Arthur (Darkness at Noon) Koestler** in *Harper's Bazaar*, "and I am still liable to occasional relapses." But the American mania for "reading about space travel, time travel, martian maidens and extra-galactic supermen is habit-forming, like opium, murder thrillers and yoghurt diets . . . [A kind of] apocalyptic intuition [that] the human race may be a biological misfit doomed to extinction . . . may be one of the reasons for the sudden interest in life on other stars."

Sounding more chipper than usual, New York's ex-Mayor **William O'Dwyer** threw an office-warming cocktail party in the Mexico City penthouse suite of O'Dwyer, Bernstein & Correa, the law firm he is starting up with his brother Paul, New York Lawyer Oscar Bernstein, and a Mexican partner. O'Dwyer, who stayed on in Mexico (despite investigations back home of corruption in city politics) after resigning as U.S. ambassador last December, expects to visit the U.S. for about 90 days this year. "I plan to spend as much time in the United States as I can," he said. "That includes Manhattan and Brooklyn."

Her Majesty's Army had a volunteer: the **Duke of Kent**, 17-year-old first cousin of **Queen Elizabeth** and seventh in succession to the throne. In October he will become the first member of the royal

family ever to enter the ranks as a private. After pre-cadet training, he will take the examinations for Sandhurst, Britain's West Point, hoping to make the army his career (preferably as a tank officer).

Back in a Red Sox uniform after his discharge as a Marine captain, and signed up (for an estimated \$50,000) for the rest of the season, **Ted Williams** stepped up for his first batting practice in over a year, sprayed Boston's Fenway Park with line drives, quit 15 minutes later with a quarter-sized blister on his right palm.

After twice examining **Aloysius Cardinal Stepinac** in Yugoslavia, where he is confined by government order to his home village, two American physicians reported that he was "not in any immediate danger" from his blood disease (an excess of red blood cells), thought he "still can live many, many years."

Charged in his wife's divorce suit with gross neglect, extreme cruelty and beating her "black and blue," former Lightweight Heavyweight Champion **Joey Maxim** protested that it wasn't that way at all. "Sure, we had some fights, but I always came out worse than she did. I take more than I dish out."

At Cooperstown, N.Y., **Dizzy Dean**, flamboyant fogball pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals in the '30s, joined **Al Simmons**, longtime (1924-44) batting great (lifetime average: .334) for ceremonies enshrining them in baseball's Hall of Fame. Dean, "an old Arkansas cotton picker" who turned into a grammar-mangling sports announcer after racking up 150 major league victories, 83 defeats, called it the "greatest honor" of his life. "I want to thank the good Lord," he drawled, "for giving me a good right arm, a strong back and a weak mind."



DIZZY DEAN
Thanks for a weak mind.

"Chivalry isn't dead...in Detroit!"

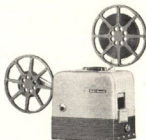
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SCIENCE

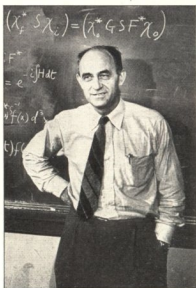
Atomic Patent

In 1935 a group of Italian scientists led by Enrico Fermi applied for a U.S. patent on a process that looked, at the time, about as impractical as a bridge of butterflies' wings. While working together in Rome, they had discovered that neutrons (themselves discovered in 1932) could be slowed down by passage through water or paraffin. Thus slowed, the neutrons were much more likely to be captured by other elements, making them radioactive. A friend of the scientists, Gabriel M. Giannini,* thought the process might have commercial value, but practically no one else did. Such great U.S. companies as Du Pont, General Electric and American Cyanamid showed no interest at all.

By the start of World War II, four of the five scientists who applied for the patent had escaped from Mussolini's Italy and come to the U.S. Soon both they and their patent vanished underground. The slow neutron process was the basis of the early nuclear reactors; without it, there could have been no plutonium. Enrico Fermi saw his neutrons fire up the first reactor at Chicago in 1942.

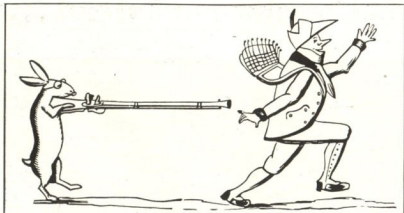
But the patent, No. 2,206,634, was lost in the legal confusion that surrounds everything atomic. It did not pay off until last week, when the Atomic Energy Commission, after much hesitation, awarded \$300,000 to the Italians and their associates. Besides Fermi, two of them, Drs. Franco Rasetti and Emilio Segre, are now atomic scientists in the U.S. The

* No kin to the U.S. banking family, he now heads a thriving guided-missile and instrument company in Pasadena, Calif.



PHYSICIST FERMI

For slow neutrons, slow pay.



NURSERY RHYME RABBIT & HUNTER
In France, turnabout was foul play.

fourth, Dr. Edoardo Amaldi, is still in Rome. The fifth, Dr. Bruno Pontecorvo, will have trouble collecting his. He vanished in Finland in 1950 and is now presumably working for the Russians.

Pullulating Epizootic

In Australia, the rabbit is a public enemy. He nibbles the sheep ranges bald, defies traps and poison, and reproduces with devastating abandon. About the only thing he has not done is to take a gun to the human hunters, as the rabbit did in the nursery rhyme, *Struwwelpeter*. Thus, few Australians mourned when government anti-rabbit scientists declared biological warfare on the rabbit. They imported from South America a rabbit virus disease, myxomatosis, which kills by causing tumors, and in 1950 planted it in Australia's rabbit-infested backlands. It spread like a grass fire, killing rabbits by the million. In some parts of Australia, the rabbit population was reduced to one-tenth. The sheep-raisers had reason to rejoice: the range grew green again and the sheep grew fat.

New Process. One interested party who read about this planned epizootic was Dr. Paul Armand-Delille, a leading French pediatrician who owns a château near Chartres. Rabbits are not public enemies in France. Their natural enemies, including 1,800,000 Frenchmen with hunting licenses, keep them from eating the country bare. But Dr. Armand-Delille's estate was skittering with rabbits, so he decided to rub them out in the latest scientific manner.

Last year he imported from Australia cultures of the virus that causes myxomatosis. He caught a few wild rabbits, inoculated them with the disease, and turned them loose. Results were so satisfactory that he sent to the *Académie d'Agriculture de France* a learned paper entitled "A New Process of Limiting the Pullulation of Rabbits."

Last week Dr. Armand-Delille was probably sorry, because myxomatosis was pullulating over most of France, killing up to 99% of the wild rabbits. Dead rabbits littered the roads. Sick rabbits with hor-

ribly swollen heads hopped feebly under the wheels of cars. Fields and woods along the Loire stank with decaying bodies. The epizootic showed no signs of slowing down; it was approaching the Belgian and Spanish frontiers and would probably spread through all of mainland Europe.

National Calamity. Myxomatosis is now a fighting word in France, and Professor Armand-Delille is regarded as something of a public enemy. French furriers see a bleak future ahead with no more cheap rabbitskins to glamorize into expensive-looking furs. French hunting (it was mostly rabbits) has been almost destroyed. Manufacturers of guns and ammunition are despondent. The injured parties have organized an "Association de Défense contre la Myxomatose."

Even economists are up in arms. Since rabbit meat is a staple food in France and one of the items used to calculate the cost of living, its virtual disappearance might justify demands for higher wages, with strikes to enforce the demands. Already newspapers were calling the disease a national calamity. Said the *Paris-Presse*: "Myxomatosis not only menaces our rabbits; it also menaces our living-cost index." The Communists, of course, were blaming the whole thing on "les Ricains" (Americans).

Tame rabbits, which resist the disease better than their wild cousins, can be vaccinated against it without very much trouble. Last week the Pasteur Institute was shipping 152,000 doses of vaccine daily to farmers and veterinarians. But wild rabbits will not hold still for vaccination. Probably nothing can be done for them until they develop natural immunity and can pullulate again. In some parts of Australia the rabbits started a comeback in about three years.

Bountiful Algae

Half of the protein to feed the world's population could be raised on an area not much bigger than Rhode Island. So says the Carnegie Institution, in a report on the possibility of extracting foodstuffs from algae. The protein would be produced by growing one-celled algae (closely relat-

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WHATEVER YOUR PAPER PROBLEM . . . IT'S A CHALLENGE TO CHAMPION

ed to the green scum that forms on stagnant ponds) in "farms" resembling chemical factories, which may some day provide mankind with almost unlimited food.

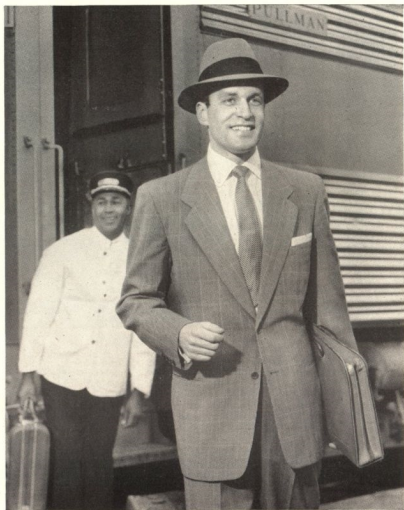
Conventional crop plants, says the report, have many shortcomings. The food they produce by the action of sunlight is formed in their leaves, which are usually inedible and must be supported and supplied by many other inedible parts. Generally only the seeds and tubers can be eaten by man. Another trouble with conventional food plants: when they are young, they cover only a little ground. A field of thriving, knee-high corn may delight a farmer, but to a chemist's eye it is shockingly inefficient. It utilizes only a small fraction of the sunlight falling on the field.

Edible Cell. The microscopic algae used in the experiments have none of these failings. They have only one part, their single cell, and it is packed with green, foodmaking chlorophyll. It also stores the food it makes, and it reproduces by splitting in two every twelve hours or so. A culture of algae is always at the height of its growing season. The whole plant is edible, and since it grows under water, it never suffers from wind, hail or frost. It can be fed with nutrients (chiefly carbon dioxide and combined nitrogen) by the simple method of dissolving them in water.

An algal culture has its drawbacks: it cannot be grown effectively in open ponds or tanks, where it quickly runs out of carbon dioxide or falls prey to microscopic predators. The best way to handle it is to circulate it rapidly through wide, flat tubes of thin plastic. The cells utilize sunlight most efficiently when they are exposed to its full intensity for only a fraction of a second at a time. So the flow of the culture must be turbulent, bringing the cells to the surface for a short time, then carrying them down into shaded depths. The "crop," a bright green paste, is harvested by settling or centrifuging. It spoils quickly if not preserved in some way, has a vegetable taste that is a little like raw lima beans, and when dried, contains about 50% protein.

Famine into Feast? With considerable effort, the Carnegie Institution harvested about 100 lbs. of this foodstuff, enough for testing its food value. Its report does not claim that it will be easy to grow algae on a really large scale. One possible way to overcome some of the difficulties: developing new strains of algae that will grow efficiently under factory conditions, including higher temperatures. But even without improvements, the Carnegie men believe that their pilot plant can produce 17.5 tons of dry algae per acre per year. Soybeans, which contain less protein than algae do, average only 1,300 lbs. per acre per year.

Scientists of two land-poor but technically skilled countries, Japan and Israel, are already looking into the process. If Israel, for instance, were to cover half of its meager area with algae farms, it could produce, theoretically, enough protein to feed the whole world.



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THE PRESS

Metaphor of the Week

From an article on "The Fetish of Atomic Secrecy," by Paul Block Jr., publisher of the *Toledo Blade*, in the August *Harper's*: "But if men within the atomic program . . . are trying to hurdle the secrecy wall in this manner and dump some of their problems in the public's lap, they are merely taking a leaf from the military's book."

Four Little Words

When should a newspaper print profanity? For 125 years the answer of the *Montgomery Advertiser* (circ. 56,266) had been: never. But when Alabama's Governor Gordon Persons publicly and profanely denounced the *Advertiser's* Political Writer Geoffrey Birt, it seemed to Editor Grover C. Hall Jr. that it was time for a change. For the first time, the *Advertiser* printed the words "son of a bitch"—and waited for a storm of protest from its readers. By last week the storm signals were down. Only five readers had written in, three of them criticizing the governor.

Down with Damyantees

Of all the professional Texans in Texas, one of the loudest and lustiest is a mild-mannered, frail little man named Carl Victor Little, who hails from Columbus, Ohio and eats "damyankees" six days a week. His cannibalism takes place in the *Houston Press*, where his talents for irony, indignation and invective have made his column "By-the-Way" the best-read in Houston.

Little's literary violence often provokes equally violent reactions from readers. Last week Little joyously printed a letter denouncing him as an "ignorant, crazy imbecile" who should be confined to publishing his opinions "on a scratch pad." The stimulant for this intemperate comment was Little's latest, longest and most provincial campaign: a 41-column series dedicated to freeing Louis Bob Conley, a World War II veteran of Texas' own 36th Division, from a "concentration camp" in "medieval" Massachusetts.

A Posse of Cadillacs. Conley had been jailed for contempt of court for refusing to surrender his daughter Lynette to the custody of his divorced Yankee wife (TIME, March 30). If Houstonians had a drop of mob justice left in their veins, wrote Little, they would organize "a posse of Cadillac owners" to invade damyankeeland and free Conley. Exclaimed Little: "It is Texans like Conley who add scent to the magnolia, color to the red hibiscus, juice to the grapefruit and stature to the San Jacinto monument."

Instead of a posse, Little organized a "postcard shower" from *Press* readers to cheer up the jailed Texan, helped newspapers in Conley's home town of Amarillo raise a \$5,500 fund for his legal defense. Last week, after 37 months in jail, Texas Conley was back home with eight-year-old daughter Lynette, aided in part by the

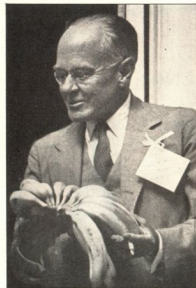


Richard Pervin

COLUMNIST LITTLE
On with the public hanging.

decision of a Massachusetts judge to let Texas settle the custody question.

Carl Victor Little has been a triple-threat man on the *Press*. Besides his daily column, he writes a weekly book review section, and until recently (when his health gave way) also edited the editorial page. A graduate of Ohio State, Little broke in on the *Cleveland Press*, went to France in World War I as a swivel-chair sergeant, came home to a restless career as a tramp newspaperman. Recalls Little: "Some copyreader or some louse of an editor would get rough with my magnificent prose, and I'd feel in my pocket to



Yale Joel—Lure

EDITOR MORTON
Away with under-nose hair crops.

see how much dough I had. If I had enough for a railroad ticket, I'd resent what he'd done and walk out. If I was broke, I'd wait until payday and then resent." Little resented his way from Cleveland to Chicago, Paris, Wichita and Oklahoma City. Along the way, he stored up inspiration for a song called *Flat on My Prat in Pratt, Kansas*. In 1939, Scripps-Howard transferred him to the *Houston Press*. Overnight Carl Victor Little became a fanatic Texan, because "there's no one more zealous than a convert."

United We Stand. Convert Little's longest previous crusade was directed against Novelist Edna Ferber for daring to try to cut Texas down to midget size in *Giant*. Little turned out 39 columns about Novelist Ferber; in one, he offered to play host to an autographing party so that she could be publicly hanged ("The only new note in literary criticism . . . in the last 30 years").

Little has never been syndicated because most of his pet peeves have no export value. To put the finger on what he considers poor service by the Houston Transit Co., Little has organized an association called Bus Riders Anonymous (motto: United We Stand); his Society for the Prevention of Pay Toilets forced the public library to install the free kind. When a long fight ends, like the Conley case, Columnist Little is always a trifle sad: "Now I'll have to wonder what to write about next." But at week's end, Little learned that Warner Bros. had bought Ferber's *Giant* (see PEOPLE), and he was off again.

Elongated Fruit

On the late Boston *Transcript*, a feature writer, with a fondness for using three words where one would do, once referred to bananas as "elongated yellow fruit." This periphrasis so fascinated Charles W. Morton, now the associate editor of the *Atlantic*, that he began collecting examples of "Elongated Yellow Fruit" writing. Friends on newspapers and magazines have joined in the game, send him the worst examples they can find for the *Atlantic Bulletin*, a chatty monthly promotion letter (circ. 5,000). Samples:

¶ In the New York *Herald Tribune* a beaver was almost incognito as "the furry, paddle-tailed mammal."

¶ In the New York *Times*, phonograph records became "the noisy disks."

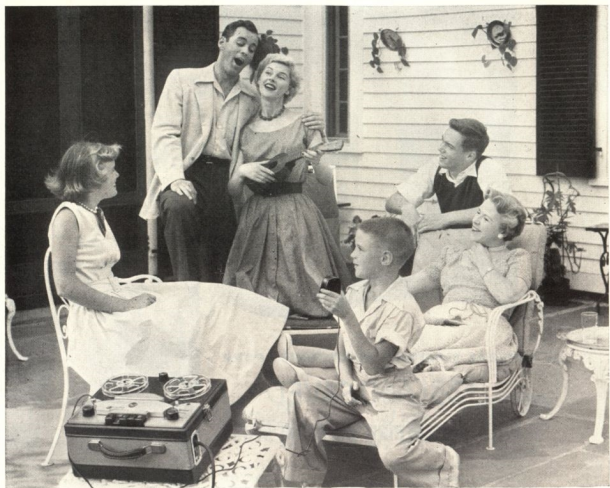
¶ The Denver *Post* elongated "mustache" into "under-nose hair crops."

¶ To the Associated Press, Florida tangerines were "that zipper-skinned fruit."

¶ In the Lincoln (Neb.) *Sunday Journal-Star* a cow did not give milk; "the vitamin-laden liquid" came from a "bovine milk factory."

¶ In the Wall Street *Journal*, potatoes were "bog oranges."

¶ The Boston *American's* ski columnist could not decide whether to call snow "the elusive white substance" or "the heavenly tapioca." And in *Travel* magazine, skiers slid down the slopes on "the beatified barrel staves."



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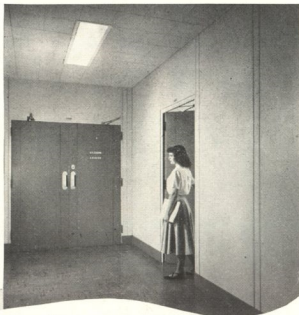
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The Babe Is Back

Mildred ("Babe") Didrikson Zaharias took the news as calmly as she takes one of her rare setbacks on a golf course. "I'll beat it," she said. The doctors had just told her that she had cancer. Before she went under anesthesia for a three-hour operation less than four months ago, husband George Zaharias told the Babe, "Honey, we'll be at Tam O'Shanter this year." Last week, with doctors marveling at her recuperative power (the Babe calls it "spiritual muscle"), she was back on the golf course playing in Chicago's Tam O'Shanter tournament.

On the practice tee, as hundreds of newsreel photographers, sportswriters and well-wishers crowded around, the Babe



GOLFER ZAHARIAS
The muscle is spiritual.

smacked out one of her trademarks: a 250-yd. drive. She grinned: "Man, if I hit it any better it would kill me." With only three full practice rounds behind her, the Babe started out. Husband George was full of forebodings: "I don't expect her to do too good. She's prepared for any disappointment."

At first, her face tense with effort, the Babe found nothing but traps and trouble. She looked tired, and between shots she sat and rested on a red leather shooting stick. For the first nine holes, it was a poor (for her) 45. In trouble, the Babe always relies on a classic remedy: "I just loosen my girdle and let go." After chiding herself good-naturedly—"I've seen shots today I've never seen in my life"—the Babe loosened up, let go and began playing the kind of golf that won her four

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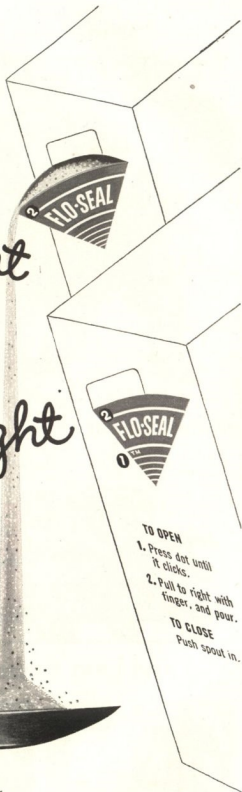


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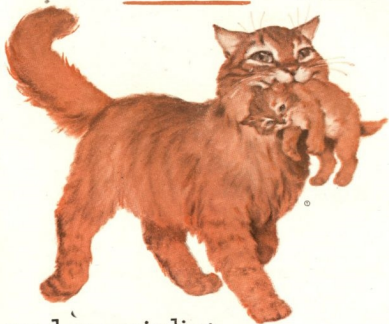
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"world championships" on the Tam O'Shanter course.

She was 37 on the incoming nine, one under par, for a creditable 82. Pleased over her score despite the bad first nine, the Babe said: "Now I'm going to quit worrying and start working." Win or lose, the Babe was philosophical about her comeback. "I'm just going to keep walking around the course and see if I can get in shape for the world."

Pitcher at the Well

An old baseball adage holds that a traded player always does better with his new club. No player in recent years has proved the rule so remarkably as Virgil ("Fire") Trucks, a 34-year-old fireballing righthander currently keeping the Chicago White Sox on the New York Yankees' heels.

Last year, working for the doddering Detroit Tigers, husky (6 ft., 195 lbs.) Trucks pitched a pair of no-hitters; but he had a miserable season, losing 19 while winning only five. He was about ready to give up baseball. A midwinter trade sent him to the St. Louis Browns. Trucks promptly improved to a 5-4 record with St. Louis. Six weeks ago he was traded to the White Sox. Since then he has won eight straight (including three shut-outs), compiling an astonishingly low earned-run average of 1.83. Last week he was finally beaten 2-0, mainly because the White Sox did not score any runs for him.

Pitcher Trucks knows that his new success is not just the result of a change in scenery. He gives most of the credit to Chicago Manager Paul Richards, a former catcher whose knowledge on the handling of pitchers is as deep as a well. Richards trained Trucks to change his grip on the "change-up" pitch, i.e., his slow ball, and to abandon his sidearm delivery for an overhand motion. Says Trucks: "I never thought I'd be learning a new pitch in my sixteenth year in baseball, but it's a good one. Kinda like a screwball."

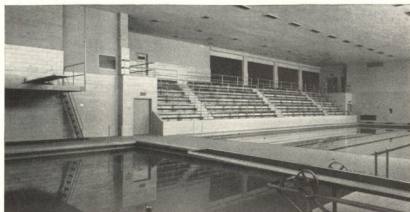
Scoreboard

¶ At Wissant, France, Channel Swimmer Abdel Lutfi Abou Heif, 23, after swimming four miles to help his Egyptian teammates set a new cross-channel-relay record (10:51), dove right back into the swim and set a new England-France record of his own: 13:45. The U.S.'s Florence Chadwick, who hoped to make it both ways nonstop, got seasick and was pulled out of the water after ten hours.

¶ At Rye, N.Y., paced by the U.S.'s Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly, U.S., Wimbledon and Australian tennis champion, a U.S. team successfully defended the Wightman Cup for the 17th straight time since 1930 (7-0), from a quartet of British girls.

¶ In his home town of Birmingham, Ala., Charles Boswell, who lost his eyesight from a direct hit in World War II, won the annual blind golfers' tournament for the sixth time in a row (with a caddy lining up clubs for him and telling him the distance to the cup). His score for 36 holes: 212.

Two pools—one for diving, the other for swimming—symbolize the efforts made to achieve maximum use of the Phillips Academy gymnasium within a crowded athletic schedule. Architects Eggers and Higgins included in their design an under-water observation window for the swimming pool that's equipped with broadcasting facilities. The impressive building also contains a flexible basketball court that can accommodate from one to three games, ventilated lockers, and thermostatically controlled water temperature for the pools. The Richard D. Kimball Co. was the Consulting Engineer



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In the case of Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, the idea was to build a modern athletic plant in keeping with the school's 175-year-old tradition. For the practical solution furnished by architects Eggers and Higgins, see the caption above.

For the Karl Wentzels in Sterling, Illinois, the idea was to design a house for modern living, suited to the terrain, the geographical location and the needs of the occupants. Architect L. Morgan Yost's solution is displayed at left.

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Pabst's Blue Ribbon

To mark the 100th anniversary of Giuseppe Verdi's birth, the city of Verona mounted a production of *Aida* in its local amphitheater that was hard to forget: the 138-ft.-wide stage was filled with more than 1,000 singers and actors, not to mention ten horses and a cow. That was 40 years ago. More recently, Veronese have noted with pique that Rome's summer opera, in the huge old ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, have been serving up *Aida* on a 167-ft. stage replete with camels, ancient obelisks and, for a finale, a burst of hundreds of red, blue and green rockets. This year Verona rose to the challenge.

German Movie Director George Wilhelm Pabst, hired to restage *Aida*, crammed three elephants, four camels, ten horses and a cow onstage, with 1,500 people, 2,000 Riviera palms, and a 53-ft. Egyptian statue. As a clincher, a navigable canal (representing the River Nile) stretched between the stage and the 30,000 onlookers. The singing, with Italy's current top Soprano Maria Callas as *Aida* and Metropolitan Opera Tenor Mario del Monaco as Radames, was first-rate too.

Verona was unwilling to leave it at that. Last week it staged a monster *Traviata*, with mass movements akin to wheeling infantry; for this week, it was preparing a third Verdi epic, *La Forza del Destino*. Director Pabst was keeping his operation plans top secret, but Veronese had high hopes. Last time he worked on *Forza* (in Florence last spring), only the last-minute protests of the scandalized opera management kept him from bringing the Act III battle scenes up to date with armored cars and tanks.

Sunshine Girl

Paris has exported a new *chanteuse*. She calls herself Patachou (rhymes with not-a-shoe), because the word is French for creampuff dough and she used to run a pastry shop in Montmartre. After two highly successful months at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, and a record released by Columbia, Patachou is currently grooving them at Los Angeles' Coconut Grove. Her fans claim she is the biggest thing that happened in France since Mistinguette wore pigtales. What is so special about this ex-pastrycook? Part of the answer lies with her predecessors.

Rural Reactionary. French nightclub singers, much easier to remember than French premiers, are possibly better guides to their country's history. There was Lucienne Boyer, who had her heyday in the uncertain years between the wars, a trim but still sizable singer who put across *Parlez-Moi d'Amour* as if Paris and *amour* had not changed since the golden nineties (although one line in the song admitted: "Actually, I don't believe any of it"). Then came Edith Piaf, so thin that she was barely visible through the nightclub smoke, with an occasional sentimental number (*La Vie en Rose*), but in reality a



PATACHOU

She sleeps with her windows open.

siren of disillusion, a kind of existentialist among *chanteuses*. But Patachou is almost a rural reactionary, who goes back to a sturdy, bucolic France that persists beneath the phony Parisian sparkle.

She is blonde, reassuringly well-fed, and appears on stage in a white peasant blouse (by Dior). Most of her songs are simple story songs, like the one about the girl who finds a kitten, puts it in her bodice, and attracts a good deal of male attention. But she also goes in for old rousers like *Alouette* and *Au près de Ma Blonde*. As she sings, her hands flicker gaily through the air, over her body, across her face, like the hands of a village girl telling a story at the well. She dislikes sadness and expresses the feeling in broad caricatures of moaning pop singers. Hers seems to be the Montmartre of old, when sheep grazed its slopes and windmills turned. "I like sunshine and I live," she says, "I sleep with my windows open."

Train Stopper. Patachou (real name: Henriette Ragon Billion) never sang in public until five years ago, when she and her husband opened a small café next to the pastry shop. One night she joined a crowd of singing customers and they loved her. After that, she sang a little every night, walking from table to table, coaxing people to join in. One night Patachou saw a man cut off his friend's necktie for a joke. "I think this is most funny," she recalls. "I like the look of *terreur* on the man's face. All of a sudden, this tie-cutter is as strong as the man with the red flag who stops trains. After that, I, too, cut ties when someone will not sing with me."

During the next two years she collected some famous four-in-hands—Farouk's, Errol Flynn's, Governor Dewey's, Aly Khan's. When Maurice Chevalier told her she must leave her little café for bigger things, she obeyed. Patachou likes big rooms and big crowds. Says she: "If they are a good audience, I have a good time. But if I am excited and they are not excited, then I feel like I am the only one in the room and there is no fun."

With Patachou in the room, there is almost always fun.

Jazz Hunters

Jazz, a lovechild of respectable music, has never lost its vagrant ways. Because pure jazz is always improvised and therefore not written down, recordings are the only way to preserve it. With thousands of the early disks lost or destroyed, many bygone jazz greats are no more than legends today. A new company called Riverside Records is now making things considerably easier for seekers after the oldtime gospel. It has obtained rights to Chicago's 30-year-old, pioneering Paramount and Gennett catalogues, is busily transferring the best numbers to durable LPs. Result: some of the earthiest jazz heard in captivity anywhere. Best of the lot: some really gone blues by Singer Ma Rainey, known as the teacher of more famed Bessie Smith, and eight stomping numbers by Fats Waller, most of them previously available only on oldtime piano rolls.



Europe's Provinces **ALSACE**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY JERRY COOKE

THE peaceful, rolling plains of the French province of Alsace were once described by Goethe as "a new paradise prepared for the human race." But because its position is as strategic as its land is bountiful, Alsace has been a battleground for the chronic rivalries that have plagued Europe for a full 2,000 years. Between wars, the Alsatians have tilled their soil, nurtured their own strong traditions, and expressed their deep religious faith by building magnificent churches like the 500-year-old cathedral in Strasbourg (see above), soaring upward in single-spired majesty, golden in the late afternoon sun. Today, Strasbourg also houses the Council of Europe, the most ambitious effort so far to bring order and unity out of the chaos and conflict with which Alsace has been so long and so intimately familiar.

PROVINCIAL HERITAGE

ONE of the problems facing the statesmen at Strasbourg is the proud provincialism of dozens of European states-within-states. For Europe is not merely a collection of nations. Such ancient kingdoms and dukedoms as Tuscany, Bavaria, Burgundy and Catalonia remain distinct regional entities, with local customs, faiths and loyalties that often go deeper than any sense of national purpose. The industrious Italian inhabitants of Piedmont, for example, feel themselves closer to the French of Savoy than to the Neapolitans of Campania, and a

man of Bavaria regards himself as Bavarian first, German second. Typical followers of this provincial heritage are the proud, hypersensitive people of Alsace, pictured on the following pages in the first of a three-part series on the provinces of Europe. Torn between France and Germany for centuries, they have worn the uniforms of both warring nations, speak both French and German and have tried through the years to preserve their own strong sense of individuality as their best hope of stability amid the cross currents of European history.



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.





Bavaria



Brandenburg



Schleswig-Holstein



Lower Saxony



Swabia



Palatinate



Tyrol



Bosnia



Champagne



Lyonnais



Brittany



Dauphiné



Sardinia



Sicily



Venezia



Tuscany



ALSACE



GOOSEHERD holds source of famed Alsatian *pâté de foie gras*.



FARMER grows hops on fertile plain near village of Brumath.



WINEGROWER raises grapes for white wine at Riquewihr.



STUDENT attends 16th century Strasbourg University.

RICHES FROM THE LAND

MOST Alsatians still earn their living from the rich farmland. Vineyards like those at the right produce some of Europe's best white wines, and the fatted livers of their force-fed geese make a delicacy prized by gourmets everywhere. Business and industry are concentrated in the cities of Strasbourg (below), Mulhouse and Colmar.



PORT OF STRASBOURG, at junction of Rhine (top left) and canal network, is transportation center of Alsace. At center: gasoline storage tanks.

VINEYARDS OF RIBEAUVILLE surround romantic wine village in foothills of Vosges. Pale, aromatic wines like Rieslings, Traminers and Sylvaners come from this district.





FIREMAN wears traditional helmet of French *pompier*s.



ENGINEER works at Kembs dam, huge Rhine power plant.



BREWER makes one of 22 different brands of Alsatian beer.



CATHOLIC NUN wears head-dress of the Sisters of St. Paul.





ALSACE



NESTING STORK, on Middle Ages tower in Ribeauvillé, will soon depart for Moroccan winter quarters. Believing storks bring good luck, Alsatians welcome them to any rooftop.

MARKET DAY brings farmers to ancient Obernai to sell pigs, geese and vegetables near 13th century clock tower. Tradition says Saint Odile, patroness of Alsace, was born here in 7th century.



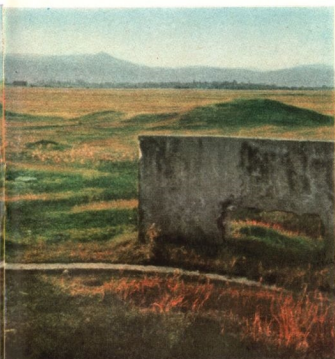
MARNE-RHINE CANAL, shown here near Waltenheim, cuts through beautiful Zorn

valley of Alsace, linking Strasbourg's port to Paris region and neighboring Lorraine.





CHATEAU DU HAUT-KOENIGSBOURG, crowning Vosges peak, looks out across Alsatian plain to Germany's Black Forest. Destroyed in 1633, the castle was restored by Kaiser Wilhelm II.



LION OF BELFORT, carved in sandstone by Bartholdi, Alsatian sculptor of Statue of Liberty, commemorates the heroic French stand against Germany during war of 1870.

BATTLEFIELD NEAR COLMAR, where U.S. and German troops fought in two wars, has been a favorite invasion route since Caesar's day. This area was extension of Maginot Line.

ALSACE



WILLOWS AND ANCIENT HOUSES FORM PEACEFUL SCENE ALONG RIVER LAUCH IN COLMAR'S "LITTLE VENICE."

MEDICINE

"Malignant Tumors"

The malignant disease which killed Senator Robert A. Taft was of a fairly uncommon but not rare type.* Its characteristics: the extensive spread through the patient's body, and the speed with which it advanced.

The first signs of illness that the Senator noted, last April, were pains in his legs. In May he had severe pain in his left hip. Four days of examinations and tests in the Army's Walter Reed General Hospital did not show definitely what was wrong, but by a process of elimination they raised a suspicion of cancer. Senator Taft flew to Cincinnati and entered Christian R. Holmes Hospital. There, samples of tissue were taken from nodules found under his skin. The tissues contained abnormal cells. To double-check, Cincinnati sent samples to Manhattan's Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases. Memorial's pathologists agreed that the cells indicated a "malignancy." What kind, or where it had started, no one could be sure. Taft was told that he "might have cancer." Even before he left Cincinnati, more nodules broke out in his mouth and on his chest and back.

Taft was determined that Mrs. Taft, who had suffered a stroke in 1950, should be spared the truth as long as possible. To enter Memorial Hospital would have been to advertise the nature of his illness. Instead, he put himself under the care of Dr. Claude E. Forkner, no cancer specialist but an internist. Using the name Howard Roberts Jr., Taft entered Manhattan's topnotch New York Hospital, right across the street from Memorial. Specialists from Memorial consulted with New York's staff. Taft received X-ray treatments which relieved the pain in his hip, and transfusions to combat anemia. To find out whether something more could be done, the doctors recommended an exploratory operation.

At New York Hospital, Surgeon Frank Glenn opened the Senator's abdomen in the hope of finding that the malignancy had originated in a specific organ; then the primary site could be removed, or treated with radiation. But no such site could be found. A growth was found in one kidney, but it was not the primary site. The abnormal cells were all over, and new experimental chemicals proved useless against them. The doctors (no less than 46 were brought in) sadly concluded that they could do nothing more for Taft than make his last days comfortable.

Not until the end had come for Senator Taft could the doctors be certain what type of growth had killed him. The autopsy showed that it had been carcinoma, which in the patient's last days had reached the brain.

* To laymen his disease was "cancer." To specialists, this means carcinoma, which is only one type of malignant tumor. Others: sarcoma, lymphosarcoma, myeloma.

Sigmund's Jewel

The waltzes were good and loud that year, sex was still primarily something to be enjoyed in the Vienna woods rather than to be talked about by learned doctors, and all seemed well with the world. But Vienna's Dr. Sigmund Freud was gloomy: two heretics, Carl Jung and Alfred Adler, had rebelled against the Freudian tenets. In this crisis, six loyal disciples solemnly undertook to uphold the straight gospel, and to each, Freud presented a jewel. That was in 1912, and of the select six, only one survives: Ernest Jones, 74, a spry, Homburg-hatted little Welshman* whom Freud called the greatest psychoanalyst in the English-speaking world.

Last week, proudly sporting Freud's jewel—an amber-colored intaglio of the

He worked prodigiously, conducting analyses, researching psychological mechanisms (he coined the psychiatric term "rationalization"), writing scores of learned books and papers (e.g., on early female sexuality, nightmares, Hamlet, folklore). At the drop of an inhibition, he would hie to Vienna and go off on walking-talking tours with Freud. It was Jones who in 1928 won over the British Medical Association to a policy which recognizes trained Freudians as the only true analysts. And it was Jones who braved Nazi cops in 1938 to bring the ailing Freud, with his wife and daughter Anna, from Vienna to England. Since he was bombed out of London during the blitz, Dr. Jones himself has become a placid countryman. He likes to look out of his windows at the rolling Sussex hills, which he calls "maternal mounds." A close student of the Oedipus-completed Hamlet, he is said to have coached Sir Laurence Olivier



Graphic Photo Union

ANNA & SIGMUND FREUD WITH DR. JONES
Strength from the face of Socrates.

head of Socrates mounted on a gold ring—Dr. Jones was still busy in the master's cause. At the congress of the International Psycho-Analytical Association, which brought 575 analysts to London, his formal contribution was a paper on Freud's early travels. More importantly, perhaps, he served as a kind of monument to psychoanalysis.

Dr. Jones discovered Freud's writings as a brilliant young practitioner in the safe sun of the Edwardian era. He reacted as though he had found the elixir of life. He mastered German to extract the full flavor of every word, and introduced psychoanalysis to a shocked England. Orthodox physicians (in the Freudian phrase) ventilated their aggressions on the pioneer analysts.

on the proper gestures to suggest the prince's improper urges.

Today, Jones thinks the Adler-Jung heresies have "pretty well faded out," but in his forthcoming massive biography of the master, he concedes that Freud's was "not a complete, rounded-off theory . . . but a gradually opening vista, occasionally blurred and again clarified." Last week's conference brought at least one blur. Dr. Edith Weiger of Chevy Chase, Md. reported that, while theoretically the patient "transfers" to the analyst, it can work the other way too. Sometimes, said Dr. Weiger, "in phases of negative transference" the analyst's "own anxieties exceed those of the patient."

In other words, analysts can get as jittery as anyone else, with the possible exception of sturdy little Dr. Jones, who may draw his strength from Freud's teachings or from his Socratic ring—or from his Edwardian past.

* The others: Germany's Karl Abraham and Max Eitingon, Austria's Otto Rank and Hanns Sachs, Hungary's Sandor Ferenczi.

THE THEATER

The Trouper

(See Cover)

When she was a little girl in Philadelphia, Shirley Booth invented a game called "Talking Balkan" that she played on streetcars. Shirley would jump on ahead of her mother and race to the front of the car. When her mother took a seat, Shirley would come dashing back, babbling ecstatically in a homemade, foreign-sounding tongue. The game had everything a fledgling actress could want. There was a captive audience of nice, admiring old ladies ("What an enchanting child!"). There was a touch of mystery ("What language is she speaking?"), a touch of pathos ("Look how sweet she is to her poor, dear mother") and—Shirley fervently hoped—a big helping of romance ("Maybe she's a princess in exile!").

In playing her game, Shirley was also practicing the two rules that still guide her career: 1) "Actors should be overheard, not listened to," and 2) "The audience is 50% of the performance." Shirley Booth without an audience is as improbable as an Easter Parade without hats. She prefers to do her stuff before rapt thousands, but will give just as intense a performance for an audience of one. Her first husband, Radio Comedian Ed Gardner, says that Shirley is always acting, on stage and off: "She sincerely believes in her self-cast roles. One day she would be a *grande dame* nobly giving me my freedom; the next, a contented little housewife singing in her kitchen."

Dead in Syracuse. Her very passion for audiences ("They tell me what to do") may have kept her so long from the spectacular success recently thrust upon her. If a play she was in closed on Broadway, Shirley was too restless to stay in town furthering her career by haunting producers' offices or being seen at smart cafés. Instead, she would hop a train, join the cast of one or another stock company. While less talented actresses might rocket overnight to Broadway fame, Shirley was knocking them dead in Louisville or Syracuse. She was starred in the sticks, but her Broadway roles became a long succession of supporting parts. The critics were invariably kind (never in her life has Shirley had a bad review), yet she seemed to be going nowhere. She twice left the stage to become a homemaker; she deserted it for radio. No one, least of all Shirley, ever expected to see her name alone in lights.

Then in 1950, co-starring with Sidney Blackmer, Shirley arrived unheralded on Broadway in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. One of the last plays of that season, *Sheba* was written by an unknown playwright, William Inge, and staged by an unknown director, Daniel Mann. As Lola, the slatternly housewife who drives her reformed alcoholic husband back to the bottle, Shirley won her usual raves from the critics: "Splendidly played" . . . "One of the true acting achievements of the season" . . .

"Pitiless and overwhelming . . ." Yet, as a play, *Sheba* was not a success. It ran only 90 performances, far below par in a year containing such hits as *The Happy Time*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Call Me Madam*, *The Member of the Wedding* and *The Cocktail Party*. But Shirley's Lola had a haunting effect on playgoers that lasted beyond the fall of the final curtain. Shirley captured every acting award in sight (New York Drama Critics' Circle, Antoinette Perry, Newspaper Guild, Donaldson, Barter). In the movie version of



Carl Iwasaki

SHIRLEY BOOTH IN CENTRAL CITY

Out of the crucible, theatrical magic. *Sheba*, she broke all precedents by winning the coveted Academy Award Oscar on her very first Hollywood try. The judges at this year's Cannes International Film Festival wrapped it up neatly by simply calling Shirley "the world's best actress."

Highest in History. This week on an 8,560-ft. mountainside in Colorado, Shirley is spinning the same theatrical magic that has made her beloved in the canyons of Manhattan. Drama-minded Coloradans and vacationers from every part of the U.S. are crowding the 75-year-old Central City Opera House to applaud Shirley Booth in her most recent Broadway hit, Arthur Laurents' *The Time of the Cuckoo*, the story of a virginal business girl named Leona Samish, who trips over her own moral standards on an Italian vacation.

The advance sale for the play was the biggest in Central City's history, topping even such box-office attractions as Helen

Hayes, Mae West and Katharine Cornell. Shirley's 12½% of the gross equals the highest salary ever paid a star in the "summer theater capital of the U.S." This fall she goes to Hollywood to make her second movie. Viña Delmar's *About Mrs. Leslie*, the story of an amiable boarding-house landlady. Then she will rush back to Broadway for rehearsals of a new musical, *By the Beautiful Sea*, which is being written to order for her by Herbert and Dorothy (Annie Get Your Gun) Fields. After more than a quarter-century as a second-stringer in the theater, Shirley Booth is now the hottest thing in show business. She is suddenly the first lady of the American stage and screen.

Why did it take so long? Theater people say it has been an open secret for years that Shirley is loaded with talent. Radio Agent Bill McCaffrey calls her "an actor's actress. What she does looks simple to the public. Only actors know how difficult it is. She's been through the crucible. This is the end result."

Rubens Without Sex. There is another theory: that Shirley has never been pretty enough to compete with the cuties. Playwright Laurents says that she was late in clicking because "she hasn't any glamour. She has no sex, because she thinks she has no sex. Yet sometimes she is actually beautiful. If you want to go wild, you can see her as a Rubens. But Shirley doesn't think she has it."

Shirley's mobile face has been shaped by hard work, heartbreak and humor, as well as by grease paint. She has orange hair and eyebrows, a warm smile, a steady, brown-eyed glance. Speaking of her own appearance, she likes to quote a British reviewer who once said thoughtfully that she had a face like a cabbage. She is small and plump (5 ft. 3½ in., 127 lbs.), has beautiful, fair skin and attractive legs. Her slender fingers are never still. At table, she is a silverware-feeler; on stage, a furniture-clutcher. When she has nothing else to do with her hands, she lights, holds and stubs out cigarettes. When she opened in *The Time of the Cuckoo*, her first leading role on Broadway, Shirley was given a star's customary ovation when she first appeared on stage. Later, she appealed desperately to Director Harold Clurman: "What am I supposed to do with myself while they applaud?"

Childless in two marriages, Shirley has filled her life with pets, naming most of them after roles and phrases from her plays. Currently, she has a pale blue parakeet called Cookie and an apricot-colored, miniature poodle called Pretty Prego. One friend contends that "she's really fonder of animals than people."

Shelled In. For the most part, people are kept at arm's length. "I'm a friendly person," Shirley says, "and yet when you get to a certain place the curtain comes down." She patterns her behavior largely on what she thinks are the motives of other people: "If someone comes up to me and says cattily, 'I love your hair—how do you dye it that curious color?,' I might snap back that my hair has always been this color. But if someone says, 'I



"THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO"



"COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA"

Besides grease paint, hard work, heartbreak and humor.



"A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"

love your hair—I wish mine were like it," I gush: "But it can be—just go see Natasha on Madison Avenue." On the rare occasions when she is really angry, Shirley stands sideways to whoever has made her mad and talks rapidly and loudly without looking at her adversary.

But mostly, she has a Garbo-like desire to be let alone. Agent McCaffrey laments: "When you ask her for dinner, you know that she'd be happier off by herself at a drugstore having an orangeade with maybe an egg in it." Shirley concurs: "I save my exuberance for the stage. I'm really a quiet person. I sort of shell in." Director George Abbott sees in this trait further evidence of her genius: "Duse was a very lone creature, so was Maude Adams. Shirley's another of the lonely ones."

Shirley's retort is: "I'm never lonely when I'm alone." She spends most of her time in her snug, chintzy, four-room apartment on Manhattan's West 54th Street, overlooking the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art. Unlike the slovenly Lola she portrayed in *Sheba*, she is a fastidious housekeeper whose happiest hours are spent moving furniture, cleaning closets, retrimming hats, and watering and rewatering the dozen tubs of plants on her flagstone terrace. "Do you like this chair here?" she will ask her maid, June Smith, who came to work for her 15 years ago along with an apartment sublet from Playwright Marc Connelly. "What difference does it make?" June will answer. "It won't be there tomorrow."

Shirley keeps half a dozen pairs of identical spectacles so that she can be sure to find one pair when she needs it. She is a great food sneaker, and loves breads, rich desserts, ice cream and candy. She does her heaviest eating when she's upset. As a child, Shirley stopped spending her allowance on candy once she discovered that a 10¢ can of condensed milk, eaten with a spoon, is the sweetest thing there is. Asked this summer to name the foods she would

most like to have on a desert island, Shirley said: "Fudge, brownies, chocolate ice cream and orange juice." She loves television, often eats her meals from a tray before her 17-inch screen, and races home from the theater to watch late-at-night TV movies, particularly British ones. She keeps a sketching pad handy, for doodling during the commercials. A stack of drugstore novels on her bed table serves as insurance against insomnia. She has relatively little interest in politics or world affairs, but remembers that she once struck a vague blow for social justice by picketing a shoestore ("A friend asked me to do it. Somebody was doing something unfair to somebody").

Though she loves sitting at home alone, Shirley is sufficiently feminine and incon-

sistent to love going to parties: "When someone asks me to go any place, my first instinct is no; then I go, and I'm the last one to leave."

Dirty Hands. Shirley believes that "my childhood made me a peculiar person." Born in 1907 on Manhattan's middle-class Morningside Heights in the shadow of Columbia University, she was christened Thelma Booth Ford. Her father, Albert J. Ford, was a serious-minded salesman for International Business Machines Corp., who lived by such venerable homilies as "Children should be seen and not heard." Shirley says: "He was the sort of man you'd run up to breathless and happy and he'd say, 'Your hands are dirty.'"

Her mother, Virginia Wright Ford, early won and never lost the passionate attachment of her daughter. To Shirley she was "an emotional and gentle person. My father completely crushed her." Shirley's parents were separated when she was in her teens, and her mother died in 1933. Today, at 46, Shirley is still stubbornly fighting what she imagines to be her mother's battle. Her father has since remarried and lives in Brooklyn, but Shirley has not spoken to him in more than 20 years because "when anyone does anything to someone I love it's as if it was done to me."

There is a certain ambivalence to the struggle. Shirley concedes that her father "taught me to waltz without hopping," and remembers him as a handsome man who looked like William Powell. Relatives have tried, without success, to bring Shirley and her father together. Her younger sister Jean, who sees their father infrequently, says: "My father is stiff and proud, and will never give in. Shirley will never give in either." Shirley's stepmother, Rita Ford, cries despairingly: "If they could only understand how much alike they are! They both have the same dispositions; they're both a bundle of nerves. I'm sure that each of them is dying to have the other make the first move." Of



THELMA BOOTH FORD
"Actors should be overheard."

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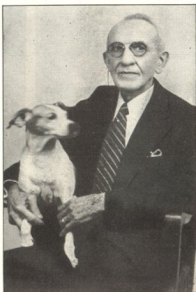
the feud, Shirley says frankly: "It's quite an insight into my character."

Now You Know. Her father's business kept the Fords on the move—from Manhattan to Brooklyn to Philadelphia to Hartford—and Shirley daydreamed her way through schools in three cities. Her formal education ended in the second year at Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High School. When she was twelve, and already a passionate movie- and theater-goer, Shirley wangled a small part in a Hartford stock company production of *Mother Carey's Chickens*. She played through a season and then, over the protests of her father ("He retracted into an iceberg"), set off for Manhattan to live with family friends and begin her conquest of Broadway. Because her father had forbidden the use of his name on the stage, Thelma Ford became Shirley Booth. She made Broadway for the first time in 1925 as the ingénue opposite a young juvenile named Humphrey Bogart in *Hell's Bells*.

The next ten years were packed with varied experience on the road and on Broadway. As a stock actress, Shirley was able to try her hand at everything from Pirandello to Ibsen. Her favorite role is still Sadie Thompson in *Rain*. In 1929 Shirley met and married Ed Gardner (real name: Eddie Poggenburg), a piano salesman with theatrical ambitions. Marriage to Gardner, a bumpy course of tempestuous separations and tender reconciliations, was anything but dull.

Getting Loughs. Ed and Shirley were hungry together. As the Depression closed in, Ed switched from selling pianos to selling miniature golf courses, to being a director in the WPA Federal Theater Project. Shirley clung tenaciously to the life-line of stock. In 1935 George Abbott, who had seen and remembered her playing a Dorothy Parker character in an off-Broadway play, was casting *Three Men on a Horse*. He signed Shirley for the role of Mabel, a dimwit ex-chorus girl with a horribly "refined" Brooklyn accent. Shirley was to play an extension of the same character for years on radio—as Miss Duffy of *Duffy's Tavern*, Dottie Mahoney on the *Kate Smith Show*, and in *Hogan's Daughter*. Meanwhile, Gardner was doing well enough as a radio idea man to suggest that Shirley retire from the stage and accompany him to California, where he was to direct radio's *Believe It or Not*. Shirley's arrival in Hollywood caused not a ripple of interest among the moviemakers, and she plunged into housekeeping.

Domesticity lasted a year, and then Gardner hustled back to Manhattan to peddle the idea of *Duffy's Tavern* to networks and sponsors. Shirley joined the cast of *The Philadelphia Story*, starring Katharine Hepburn, took another comedy part in the equally successful *My Sister Eileen*, and then turned down a third comedy part to try out for the serious anti-Nazi drama *Tomorrow the World*. Producer Theron Bamberger worriedly told her: "The public is used to thinking you're funny. You might get laughs in our play in spite of yourself." Shirley replied with the wisdom of a trouper's long experience:



FATHER FORD

He retracted into an iceberg.

"Don't worry. Getting laughs isn't quite that easy."

In 1943, while Shirley was co-starring with Ralph Bellamy in *Tomorrow the World*, Ed Gardner came to her dressing room and asked for a divorce. Says her friend, Bill McCaffrey: "This thing came from left field and it floored her. Gardner had another dame." Shirley kept on giving excellent performances, but for months she wandered in a backstage daze. To quiet her nerves, the stage manager sent her to a chiropractor who dabbled in amateur psychoanalysis. Each day, Shirley would get into a one-piece bathing suit, lie on his operating table, and talk. She explains: "His idea was that he could tell a lot about your mental tensions by watching your body movements while you talked. And, sure enough, I'd find my arms writhing like snakes when I'd get onto certain subjects. After three months I stopped going to him because I was feeling so much better and I didn't want to be dependent on him or anybody."

Shirley and Gardner are now good friends ("He comes to all my plays and cries like mad"), and she has met his two sons by his second wife. But when Gardner asked if he could bring his wife backstage to meet Shirley, Shirley said no.

Off the Book. A young investment broker named William Baker helped ease the blow of Shirley's divorce. He had met the Gardners during a Nantucket vacation, and when he heard of the divorce, began calling on Shirley. Within four months they were married, although Baker was no longer a broker but a corporal in the U.S. Army. When *Tomorrow the World* closed, Shirley camp-followed her husband through the South until 1945, then returned to Manhattan for her first musical, *Hollywood Pinafore*, in which she played the part of a gossip columnist called Louhedda Hopsons. During the war years, Shirley, who is an

Harmory Studios

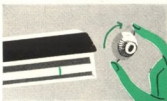


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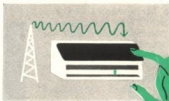
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LYNCHBURG, TENNESSEE

expert dancer, cut many a rug at the Stage Door Canteen.

At war's end, she once more retired briefly from the theater. Her husband had bought a Bucks County farm stocked with Holsteins and Guernseys. While he managed the 64 acres, she happily rearranged furniture in the farmhouse. It was a serene time. Baker was a shy, modest fellow, who painted and wrote in his spare time. When he suffered a heart attack, they reluctantly left the farm.

The Theatre Guild persuaded Shirley to take a part in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, which was scheduled for a one-week tryout at the Westport, Conn. Country Playhouse. After three days of rehearsals, Playwright Inge and Director Mann were desperate. They had concluded that Shirley simply could not handle the role. They were chiefly upset by her stock-company approach to rehearsals: she merely walked through the part, mumbling her lines. Tearing their hair, Inge and Mann begged the Theatre Guild to get rid of Shirley and hire Joan Blondell in her place. Then, on the fourth day, Shirley was suddenly "off the book." She began playing with such intensity and finesse that Inge and Mann hastily changed their minds. In Westport, *Sheba* was a hit. Theater people poured up from Manhattan to shout bravos at the leading lady, Shirley confessed: "I didn't want to do *Sheba* until I saw how much the audience liked it."

After the final curtain on the Broadway opening night, she made the traditional visit to Sardi's Restaurant. It was crowded with first-nighters who had just seen her show. In an unparalleled tribute, they rose as one and gave her an ovation. Shirley—this time not acting—turned around curiously to see who was being applauded. After *Sheba*, following a favorite dictum ("An actress should make you forget everything she has done before"), she took a secondary role in the musical *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*.

One morning during rehearsals, the telephone rang in her husband's bedroom. Shirley called out: "Why don't you answer it, Bill?" Alarmed at his silence, she hurried in and found him dead of a heart attack. Shirley stayed away from rehearsals for several days and then, in the best tradition of the stage, went back to work. When *Tree* opened, she stopped the show with a raffish number called *Love Is the Reason*, and was showered by the critics with a new set of rave reviews.

A Nugget, a Diamond. Paramount had bought *Come Back, Little Sheba*, and it now made—for Hollywood—the daring decision to let Shirley, who was unknown to moviegoers, play in the movie the same role that she had already played to perfection on Broadway. She flew to the West Coast, shot the movie in a single month, and scored a complete and effortless conquest of the movie colony.

Bringing all the precision and adaptability of an old troupier to the set, Shirley found the job of acting in movies remarkably easy: "I didn't have to project. It was like telling someone about it con-



WITH ED GARDNER

On a desert island, fudge and brownies.

fidentially. It all seemed so much more intimate, as, of course, it was, with the camera practically in your navel." Her fellow actors were entranced. Burt Lancaster says reverently that Shirley is "a nugget, a diamond, a pot of gold. She's Babe Ruth. She's Mickey Mantle. It's a nice note for this town that a woman like Shirley can come in and by sheer personality bowl the place over." Starlet Terry Moore was breathlessly thrilled: "Shirley is so lovable you want to throw your arms about her like an old shoe!"

When Shirley was given the Academy Award as the best film actress of the year, there was scarcely a dissenting voice. She went to Manhattan's International Theater wearing a bluish-pink Valentina dress, specially cut so there would be no danger of her tripping on the steps to the stage. With millions watching on television, Shirley tripped anyway. But she managed to make it look likably human.

Lady Macbeth? How great an actress is Shirley Booth? What are her limits and capabilities? Audiences are usually so



WITH WILLIAM BAKER
In Hollywood, a lovable old shoe.



Celanese* Acetate has big ideas for little dresses

America's fashion business starts young. Each year, over two hundred million dollars are spent on school and party dresses for little girls. But *between* these school and party clothes is a valuable void Celanese Corporation of America intends to fill with "Sunday School Dresses."

This is a completely new category of children's dresses, in fabrics woven with Celanese* acetate. They are more elaborate than school clothes, less frilly than party dresses. They spring from new plaid and striped taffetas, reminiscent of mother's. And they look far more than they cost.

This new trend in children's wear is a superb tribute to acetate's inbred elegance. Celanese is launching it with the most extensive promotion, spearheaded by national magazine advertising in mid-September. Simultaneously the dresses will be displayed in 120 top stores in America and Canada.

Turning little girls into little women is only one of many ways Celanese turns up new uses for versatile acetate. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16, New York.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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...lettuce, for instance

More than a billion heads of lettuce went to the markets of the U.S. over S.P. lines last year.

That much lettuce would fill a train of refrigerator cars 720 miles long, and constitutes almost four fifths of the total lettuce crop of the country.

A lot of lettuce

That's a lot of lettuce—and so is the \$111,157,000* that went into the pockets of *Golden Empire* lettuce growers.

Naturally, lettuce must be crisp and fresh when it is delivered to every corner of the country, or else nobody would buy it.

Part of the secret of getting enormous quantities of lettuce (or any other perishable fruits or vegetables) to distant markets in prime condition is S.P.'s great fleet of refrigerator cars.

38,000 "reefers"

These cars—38,000 of them—make up the world's largest "reefer" system. (More than 10,000 new ones have been added since V-J Day.) They operate under the banner of Pacific Fruit Express (half-owned by Southern Pacific).

But it takes more than refrigerator cars alone to market the *Golden Empire*'s produce effectively. It also takes S.P.'s swift and flexible scheduling of these cars—plus an intricate process known as "diversion," which permits shippers of strategic carloads of fresh

fruits and vegetables to change destinations en route at the drop of a phone call, to meet more favorable market conditions.

Expanding the market

Such service enables the *Golden Empire*'s producers of perishables to sell competitively almost anywhere in the country. Thus, S.P. has helped the commerce of the *Golden Empire* grow by expanding the market for things the area produces. And almost every resident benefits, either directly or indirectly.

For proof, let's look at the record: From 1941 to 1950, the average income of the people in the *Golden Empire* rose 184.6%—a better showing than the rest of the U.S.

And S.P. intends to continue to promote—through service—the healthy growth of the *Golden Empire*, to the advantage of everyone.

*Statistical Abstract of the U.S., 1952.



SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, D. J. RUSSELL, President, HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON

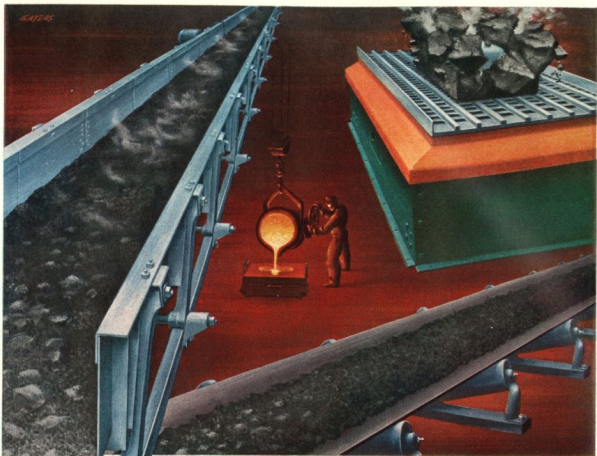
completely taken in by the character she is playing that they are unconscious of Shirley as a skilled performer. But they are likely to remember the character for days or for years to come. Radio listeners who have only known her as Miss Duffy would swear that she is a hilariously funny bit of fuzz-brained fluff. Moviegoers who have seen her only as Lola in *Come Back, Little Sheba* have difficulty imagining her as anything but an aging frump in a kimono. But lucky theatergoers have been persuaded, at one time or another, that she was an intense, good-looking young schoolteacher, a tipping grass widow, and a well-girdled, wisecracking career girl.

The experts differ about her range. Arthur Laurents would limit her to playing "middle-class women. She'll never be able to play a lady with airs, and, somehow, she's not quite right for mothers." But Critic John Mason Brown sees "something lyrical about her which shines through the drabest or most disillusioned of her characterizations." And José Ferrer claims that "she could handle anything. She would make a positively blood-curdling Lady Macbeth." Helen Hayes pays her probably the highest professional tribute of all: "She has perfect timing and perfect reading, and always has complete control of herself, her part and her audience. I have often gone back to watch her a second and a third time, trying to figure out how she does it, because the first time she has made it seem so effortless that I have forgotten I'm watching an actress."

Every Role Is Sympathetic. Shirley herself pins most of her faith on her audiences: "They're a fetish with me, because I know they can tell when anything is synthetic." Would she play an unsympathetic role? "To play a bitch would be working against my own personality. But to play a woman who occasionally makes mistakes and is not always noble, that would be close to what I am myself. There's really no such thing as an unsympathetic role. People are handed traits—the actor's job is to make an audience understand why they have these traits."

Shirley treats her new-found success as warily as if it were a time bomb: "I feel any minute now somebody's going to poke me and say it's time to get up . . . I feel a little like a movie star, but a movie star would look like one and I never have."

She has no plans beyond the new movie and the Broadway musical already scheduled for fall. She would like to make her first trip to Europe soon, but does not want to go alone. She is thinking vaguely of buying a summer house on Cape Cod. Most likely, she'll stay in her comfortable apartment eleven floors above Manhattan, tending her parakeet and poodle, rearranging furniture, watering her plants, watching late-at-night movies on television. There is still only one thing of primary importance: her audience. Says Shirley: "I'll act as long as they'll have me."



KEEPS THE CASTINGS COMING

The art of making metal castings has been practiced by man for thousands of years. But only recently, thanks to mechanization, has the foundry industry been able to mass-produce castings on a continuous assembly line to keep pace with the ever-increasing demands of modern industry.

Key to foundry mechanization is such products as Hewitt-Robins foundry shakeouts, mechanical feeders, bucket elevators and complete belt conveyor systems. They provide faster, more efficient, lower-cost methods of handling and processing materials in bulk.

Hewitt-Robins is recognized as the outstanding specialist in the design and manufacture of belt conveyor systems, industrial rubber products and vibrating equipment to convey and process bulk materials . . . solids, liquids and gases . . . for all industries. We are the only company that manufactures both the belting and specialized machinery for a complete belt conveyor system, and accepts full responsibility from drafting board to successful operation.

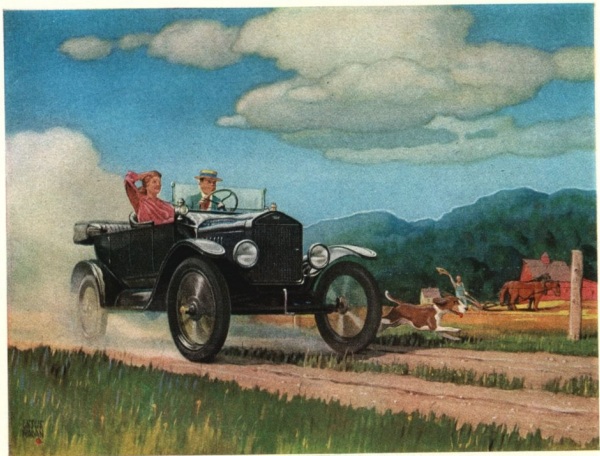
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A Toast to Model T

● For all the jokes that Model T inspired, the memory is one of affection and respect. And that is only right.

If it would never occur to you to build a house without a garage, it is because Model T established the principle of universal ownership of automobiles.

If you drive five hundred effortless miles in a day, it is because Model T forced the building of paved highways.

And it was a symbol of the manufacturing skill and integrity to which we, ourselves, subscribe. Remember the Model T slogan: Wherever you go you see it; wherever you see it, it's going.

No other single product has had so profound an influence on every aspect of the way we live today.

Our first association with the Ford Motor Company was making body parts for Model T, in 1918. It is an association we have prized ever since and enjoy today, and lends extra warmth to our congratulations to this great Company on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary.

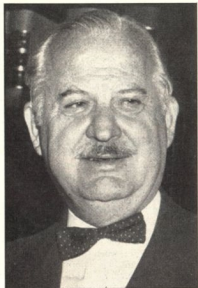
The Budd Company, Philadelphia, Detroit, Gary.

Budd
PIONEERS IN
BETTER TRANSPORTATION

RELIGION

The Matthews Story

When a former Methodist churchman named J. B. Matthews made the charge that U.S. Protestant ministers "are the largest single group supporting" Communism in the U.S. (*TIME*, July 13), he was hit by thunderbolts of protest. They forced him to resign as executive director of Joe McCarthy's Senate subcommittee, and showed clearly that U.S. Protestants trust their clergy. But they threw little light on J. B. Matthews himself. In last week's *Christian Century*, Editor Paul Hutchinson, who once "knew him well and . . . liked him greatly," writes an account of him, in order to show "what strange and



Associated Press
INVESTIGATOR MATTHEWS
Mutiny changed his mind.

terrible things the tensions of these times can do to us."

Joseph Brown Matthews began his career about as far away as possible from the Washington limelight—as a Methodist missionary in Java. He was a brilliant linguist, but his sympathy for Indonesian nationalists made him unpopular with the islands' Dutch masters as well as executives of his own mission. Back in the U.S., he studied at several seminaries, then joined the faculty of Scarritt, a training college for Methodist church workers in Nashville, Tenn. He was forced to leave because of his liberal views. Recalls Hutchinson: there was a "furore over an interracial party held in his home, at which whites were reported to have danced with Negroes . . ."

Matthews next turned up in New York City "an avowed Socialist" and executive secretary of the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation. He believed in "the policy of a united front with Communism as the way to end war, [and] became the first head of the American League Against War

and Fascism, probably the most successful 'front' ever organized by the American Communists." He wrote a book, *Partners in Plunder*, in which he "proved." Hutchinson recalls, that "J. Pierpont Morgan owned the Episcopal Church, Andrew Mellon had the Presbyterians in his vest pocket, and as for the Baptists—well, hadn't Harry Emerson Fosdick, Rockefeller's kept preacher, once said: 'Personally, I dread the thought of collectivism . . . as I would dread the devil?'"

Matthews was now the Communists' No. 1 fellow traveler. Then something happened that changed his life. He had become a director and vice president of Consumers' Research (an organization formed to make impartial tests of consumer products and pass along its findings to subscribers). Employees of the growing enterprise shocked Matthews by going on strike. "Despite the pleas of liberal leaders," reports Hutchinson, "Mr. Matthews refused to meet the strikers' demands. To him they seemed not workers pursuing a normal course for bringing grievances to management's attention; they were mutineers." Matthews emerged from the dispute "an embittered man with a completely reversed outlook. He regarded himself as the victim of a Communist plot." Matthews became chief investigator for Martin Dies' new House Committee on Un-American Activities.

"From that point on, Mr. Matthews has been one of the most conspicuous Red-hunters in the field . . . The irony of Mr. Matthews' career is underscored by the fact that, in his days of 'united front' leadership, he excoriated Protestantism as the dupe and servant of capitalism; today as the dupe and servant of Communism."

Hutchinson sees the Matthews story as a tragedy for which the church must accept some responsibility. "I know there must be deep flaws somewhere in the man . . ." he admits. "Yet I cannot help believing that if the church had only been a little more willing to grant him a hearing and opportunity in the days when he was trying to stir it to new outlooks, such a waste of ability and promise would never have happened."

Another notable comment on the Matthews affair came from Virginia's Senator Harry F. Byrd. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover had told him, said Byrd, that the FBI knows of no minister who has been proved to be a Communist agent. To Harry Byrd, at least, this is "convincing evidence" that the Matthews charge was baseless. "If any ministers were engaged in Communist activities, it is a remarkable thing that Mr. Hoover hasn't found one who can be convicted."

Mrs. Thomason's Position

Six followers of Boston's heretical Father Leonard Feeney, excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church for insisting that salvation is impossible for non-Catholics (*TIME*, March 2), were jailed in



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...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



Chicago last week for disorderly conduct in front of Samuel Cardinal Stritch's office. They were promptly bailed out by one Mrs. Mary Thomason, Catholic but non-Feeneyite. "These boys are unwise in their approach," said Mrs. Thomason. "I should hate to feel that Senator Taft is not in heaven because he is not a Catholic. I know he is in heaven."

New Mexico Invasion

*In the land of enchantment
Near old Santa Fe
You'll find Glorieta
In wondrous array.
In the midst of the mountains
God's presence you'll find
At our Glorieta
Rich friendship will bind . . .*

Thus, to the melody of *Red Sails in the Sunset*, a chorus of little girls hailed a Baptist camping ground now abuilding in New Mexico. It is just about big enough (2,000 acres) to hold the twelve tribes of Israel, and it sounds, from the description of its boosters, like a land of milk & honey. From all over the U.S., some 3,000 Baptist Sunday-school teachers converged on Glorieta for seminars and steak fries, lectures and horseback riding, hiking and hymn-sings. It was their first glimpse of the camp, which, when it is finished in 1956 at an estimated cost of \$7,000,000, will boast gardens, an artificial lake, hotels, dining halls, cottages and cabins to house half a million Baptists each summer.

Perhaps the most interesting feature about Baptist Glorieta is its location—right in the heart of traditionally Roman Catholic New Mexico. It is the latest and biggest sign of a Baptist invasion of New Mexico which has the invaders themselves surprised. In 1912, when the largely Spanish-speaking state was admitted to the Union, it contained 13 Baptist churches, with a total membership of a little over 2,000. Today New Mexico has 225 Baptist churches and over 60,000 members. New Mexico's Roman Catholic Church is officially unconcerned, but last month at a Catholic conference in Albuquerque, Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne declared in his keynote address: "The concern of this conference is to find ways and means to keep our Spanish-speaking people faithful children of the Holy Mother Church . . ."

Much of the Baptists' mustard-seed growth has come from immigration, mainly from Baptist-heavy Texas, drawn by oil booms, defense centers (notably Los Alamos) and tourist folders. But an incalculable amount is the result of the Baptists' aggressive evangelism. Spark-plug of this go-getting gospeling is up-and-doing Dr. Harry P. Staggs, 55, a minister who came to New Mexico from Louisiana in 1930, and has been executive secretary of the New Mexico Baptists for the past 15 years. Rotarian Staggs has pushed mission work and evangelistic camp meetings, to harvest a bumper crop of conversions from ranchers and cowboys, Indians and Spanish-Americans: about 20 New Mexican towns now have "Spanish Baptist" churches.

What happened to the old roundhouse?

● You don't have to look far—you'll find the answer in this picture. Actually, on the Erie the roundhouse has gone "square" and with it a long tradition in railroading has changed for the better.

For many years, steam engines were serviced in the roundhouse with its giant turntable. Today, Erie's diesel fleet is washed, refueled, lubricated and kept in sweet running order at modern diesel facilities like the one shown. Clean,

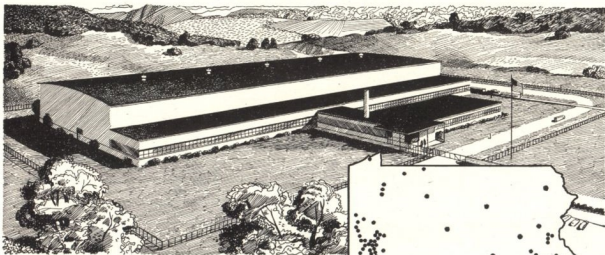
efficient as the locomotives themselves, these diesel shops keep the fleet rolling on a dependable, round-the-clock schedule. Here you have another example of Erie's progressive railroading—finding a way of meeting efficiently every new problem in providing the best in safe, dependable transportation. Take this idea a step further and you know why so many shippers say "Route it Erie!"

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America



World's first privately-financed plant to manufacture atomic power equipment will be built in Pennsylvania



ANOTHER PENNSYLVANIA FIRST—Architect's sketch of the new Atomic Equipment Department of Westinghouse Electric Corporation, which will be the first privately-financed plant in the world built to supply atomic power equipment to private industry. About 200 employees will man the 87,000 square-foot plant when it opens this fall, with many times that number expected to be added later.

The dots on this map indicate 70 of the plants in Pennsylvania which are working on some problem relating to atomic energy . . . and the locations of colleges or universities in the State which are doing atomic research work.

PLANS HAVE BEEN ANNOUNCED to use part of a Western Pennsylvania golf course as the site of the first plant to supply atomic power equipment to private industry. Owners: Westinghouse Electric. Location: less than 10 miles northeast of Pittsburgh. Opening date: late fall of 1953.

GWILYM A. PRICE, President of Westinghouse, calls the projected plant "an expression of our belief that private enterprise generally will become an increasingly important factor in the development and application of nuclear energy in its non-military aspects."

The development of private applications in the atomic field here has been likened to the beginning of the automobile business. Pennsylvania may be destined for leadership in the mushrooming atomic

energy industry, like that it has held in iron and steel, glass, aluminum and other fields. Many of the products to be manufactured in this new plant were developed for the Westinghouse Atomic Power Division at its Bettis plant, just south of Pittsburgh.

All of this is important to you. Atomic energy is bound to exert increasing influence on any business—yours, too. By acting now, and locating in Pennsylvania now, you can pick your spot in the most promising nuclear energy center in the world for private industry, close to reservoirs of scientific knowledge, experience, and equipment.

Call on the State Department of Commerce for confidential help in finding the right site, or good labor pools, or exceptionally low taxes, or any of your specific requirements.

COMMONWEALTH OF
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Naughty Nautilus

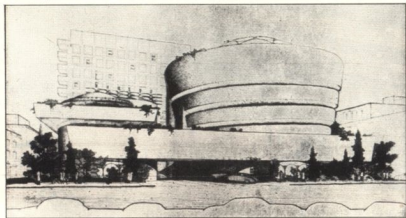
*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast . . .*
—Oliver Wendell Holmes, *The Chambered Nautilus*

For the better part of his 84 years, Frank Lloyd Wright, the grand, infuriating and tireless old nautilus of U.S. architecture, has built ever more amazing mansions, put ever vaster domes over such projects as a mortuary in San Francisco, a chapel for Florida Southern College, a laboratory tower for Johnson's Wax. When the Guggenheim Foundation asked him

is one floor for one building, going indefinitely up. There is no building just like this." It is "democratic" in design, unlike the "fascist" pattern of the usual skyscrapers, said he. "This building is neither Communist nor Socialist, but characteristic of the new aristocracy born of freedom to maintain it. The reactionary . . . will not really like it."

Government in Art?

When Michelangelo heard that Pope Paul IV wanted one of his paintings changed, the master snapped: "Let him mend the world; I'll mend my paintings." As if heedful of Michelangelo's sound advice, the U.S. Government has mostly steered clear of trying to mend America's painting. Two years ago Harry Truman asked the National Commission of Fine Arts (whose usual job is to advise on statues and fountains) to see what the



ARCHITECT WRIGHT'S DESIGN FOR THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

Frank Lloyd Wright

Up, up, indefinitely up.

in 1945 to build an art museum for Manhattan's upper Fifth Avenue, he designed what might be taken as a monument to himself. It would be shaped, he said, "like the chambered nautilus." The picture gallery would consist of a quarter-mile ramp, slowly rising in a spiral to a height of 72 ft. where it would culminate in a huge dome.

The Guggenheim Foundation accepted his design (cost: \$2,000,000), but New York City authorities prosaically declared that the museum would violate building laws; among other things, the building's 6-ft. overhang was against regulations.* Last week Wright, who has described the building code as being "for fools," showed up at a hearing in Manhattan. He grandly agreed to eliminate the overhang, made plans to appeal the other objections.

Later, he explained his position: "Here

Government might do in the way of art patronage. After taking four volumes of testimony from federal bureaucrats, museum people and "cultural attachés" from abroad, the commission reported to President Eisenhower. Items:

¶ The Government should increase aid to schools and colleges for art education. Free slides, color reproductions and movies of Government collections ought to be distributed for educational use.

¶ The armed services should build a museum to display the painted record of World War II.

¶ Congress should appropriate funds to enable the Smithsonian Institution to buy paintings by contemporaries. Warned Committee Member George Biddle in a pointed aside: "As long as these selections are made through political agencies or individual caprice . . . the Government will continue to get adequate work by second-rate artists."¶

* In the seven years of its existence, the WPA Art Project spent \$35 million, and produced 2,500 murals, 18,800 sculptures, 108,000 paintings, but no masterpiece.

GREAT art is rising like a bright phoenix from the grey ashes around Mt. Vesuvius.

The world's greatest painters, according to the writers of ancient Greece and Rome, were Greeks—Polygnotus, Zeuxis, Parrhasius and Apelles. But not a single picture from the hands of these legendary masters survives. To imagine what Greek painting looked like, scholars study the Roman art of Campania, the ancient resort area centering on Pompeii. The artists who decorated Campania's villas, inns and brothels drew their inspiration mainly from the Greek tradition, and when Vesuvius erupted in 79 A.D., their art was packed in stones and ashes and preserved. For more than 200 years, archaeologists have been intermittently digging this art from its natural storage vault.

The man chiefly responsible for the world's new interest in Campanian painting is a stubby, bespectacled archaeologist named Amedeo Maiuri, curator of the Naples Museum. Maiuri is in the midst of a new long-range program for excavating Pompeii and other Campanian towns: Baiae, Stabiae and Herculaneum (TIME, Oct. 13 et seq.). His eloquent, magnificently illustrated new book (*Roman Painting*, Skira; \$15) is a fascinating guide to an almost lost world.

Dances & Floggings. Maiuri begins his book with the Apulian predecessors of Campanian artists, who made tombs alive with mourning women engaged in a ritual dance (*opposite page, bottom*), he says: "Every detail—mantles uniformly drawn up over the head, locked hands, forward-straining bodies, overlapping garments—contributes to suggest the swaying movement of an interminable dance, circling the tomb forever. Indeed, the effect on the beholder is almost one of dizziness."

When painting in Italy emerged from the silence of the tomb, it did not always lose its solemnity. Pompeii's Villa of the Mysteries contains an awesome, scene-by-scene illustration of a Dionysian rite, painted between 31 B.C. and 14 A.D. The kneeling girl (*opposite, top*) is half-fainting from the blows of a lash. The matron on whom she leans seems to be asking the unseen punisher to stop, while the naked dancer appears to beat time with her cymbals to the swing of the whip. The fourth figure holds a thyrsus, a classical fertility symbol. "Such indeed was the rite," says Maiuri, "at once physical and symbolic, of purification in all times and places of the ancient world." The painting itself is as convincingly physical as anything up to the time of Giotto. Its volcanic fusion of austerity with sensuality makes the mural a disturbing monument to paganism.

Echoes & Sketches. Toward the end, Campanian painting gracefully declined. Such single-figure frescoes as the *Diana and Primavera* (*top, following page*) would have delighted Botticelli (or else made him green with envy) and they are in

* By Manhattan's building code, there must be no overhang beyond the building line, save for 18 inches of ornamentation. One notable exception: a bare-breasted Venus (by Sculptor Wheeler Williams) on the façade of the Park-Bernet Galleries. Yearly rent to city for the protruding anatomy: \$25.



MURAL IN "VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES," FROM POMPEII'S GOLDEN AGE, SHOWS DIONYSIAN FLAGELLATION RITES.

CHORUS OF MOURNING WOMEN WEAVES SOMBER FUNERAL DANCE AROUND WALLS OF 5TH CENTURY B.C. TOMB.





DECORATIVE "DIANA," which once filled small alcove in villa near Pompeii, carries bow and arrow as goddess of the hunt.



DAINTY "PRIMAVERA," gliding across green meadow and carrying basket of fresh flowers, epitomizes coming of spring.

POMPEIAN PAINTER'S NOTIONS OF AFRICAN PYGMIES WERE GAY, GORY AND HIGHLY IMAGINATIVE.



what must have been the great Greek tradition. Yet they are merely decorative echoes, compared with the sounding depths of the Villa of Mysteries.

The painter who amused himself by imagining the Pygmies of the upper Nile (*opposite page, bottom*) broke with tradition. Like many late Pompeian artists, he found a sketchy, exaggerated, caricaturing approach best suited to his age. His somewhat bloodthirsty and hurried cartoon seems remarkably contemporary in the 20th century—it might almost be mistaken for a panel from a comic strip. The similarity is probably no accident. Things were speeding up around Pompeii. Even resort life was getting pretty hectic. Old standards were being abandoned, the new was hastily sought, and there was a sense of permanent danger in the air. The gods, speaking through Mt. Vesuvius, had begun to grumble.

The Moon & Marseille

"The show," said one enthusiastic reviewer, "reeks of garlic." He was describing an exhibition in Paris' Louvre of work by painters born in Provence (where garlic is even more popular than elsewhere in France). As a group, the paintings did give off a strong flavor: baroque, darkly passionate and hot as the *Midi* sun. The most famous of the lot were by Fragonard, Daumier and Cézanne. (In maturity they learned to blend garlic with more subtle spices, and rose above their baroque beginnings to highly individual achievements.) But the star of the Louvre's show was a lesser man, Adolphe Monticelli, who remained typically Provencal throughout his career, was almost forgotten for a time, and is now enjoying his own little renaissance.

In his lifetime (1824-86), Monticelli was a great success. From the day of his death his reputation unaccountably declined. His art was nervous, rich, and flickeringly intense. He loved to paint girls in bright gowns drifting like little flames through dark forests; sometimes he gave the same dreamlike quality to a straight portrait or still life. Technically, his work was very uneven. Being a romantic, he painted from the heart, and everything depended on how he felt at the moment. At his best, he evoked dusk in Provence as effectively as a great U.S. romantic, Albert Pinkham Ryder, suggested night in America.

Born in Marseille, Monticelli spent his middle years in Paris. When the Germans invaded France in the Franco-Prussian War, he decided to go home again. He walked, stopping off at likely farmhouses and portraying the farmers' daughters to earn his keep. The journey took eight pleasant months. In Marseille he settled down to steady work in a red-shuttered studio and to a genial evening round of opera and absinthe. It is said that when admirers flocked about his café table to praise his work, the bald, bearded old Bohemian would blithely reply: "I don't know what you're talking about; I just arrived from the moon."



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EDUCATION

Case of the Uneared M.Ed.

When Otis Freeman, 62, was appointed president of little (750 students) Eastern Washington College of Education at Cheney two years ago, no one on the faculty wanted to complain. After all, Freeman had been a teacher of geology and geography since 1924, and his colleagues felt he deserved a quick stint in the presidency as a climax to his career. But once in office, Freeman seemed to change—and so did the attitude of his campus.

Backed by his ambitious and unpopular vice president, Clark Frasier, Geographer Freeman ordered his professors around as they had never been ordered around before. A gruff, stubborn man, he refused to

Reese affair was a symbol of everything that angered them about Freeman's and Frasier's highhanded ways. All seven members of the physical education department threatened to resign unless Reese was dropped. The rest of the faculty started an investigation, drew up an 86-page report for the trustees charging Reese with incompetence. Later, the faculty also voted 69 to 10 to declare "no confidence" in President Freeman, and 400 students followed suit. Finally, just at the end of the academic year, the trustees met.

Exactly 24 Hours. In a packed room, the trustees began their meeting with routine matters (they voted new roofs for some faculty apartments). Then one woman member took the floor, to read a special resolution. As she read, every eye in the hall grew wide in amazement. The resolution, which was promptly passed, fired the seven physical education teachers, removed all department and division heads in the college, gave eleven more professors exactly 24 hours to get off the campus. The trustees also put five more faculty men on probation, and these later quit after refusing to sign a new contract that stipulated they "forget the Reese affair." Cried one flabbergasted citizen of Cheney: "Why, this will become a ghost town." Washington's Governor Arthur B. Langlie apparently agreed; he ordered an investigation of the whole college.

Last week the investigation was completed. Among its recommendations: that the trustees find a new president for Eastern Washington as quickly as possible. But with or without Freeman, who had already resigned anyway—and in spite of the fact that the trustees were willing to rehire a good many of the dismissed professors—Eastern Washington would have quite a time cleaning up the mess left by the athletic director's uneared M.Ed. For one thing, the athletic director himself was still on campus. "I hope the matter is closed," said Red Reese, who has always been known as a cool sort.

Insuperable Pidgin?

Half a century had passed since the white men first sounded the warning, "This Pidgin nonsense," cried the globe-trotting Baron von Hesse-Wartegg; should be replaced "by a sensible German language." But in spite of the baron—and all the efforts of imperial German officials—the natives of the New Guinea protectorate went right on speaking Pidgin, the language built up from years of dealing with white traders. By World War II, G.I.s were being taught to say: "Cut-in grass belong head belong me" ("I want a haircut"), and the 23rd Psalm was still going native in a wide variety of ways: e.g., Australia's "Big Name watchem sheepsheep. Watchum blackfella. No more belly cry fella hab . . ."; New Guinea's "Deus iwas gut long mi, im igifim mi ol samtig . . ."

Last week the old battle was raging again. The U.N.'s Trusteeship Council

noted that Pidgin "has characteristics . . . which reflect now outmoded concepts of the relationship between indigenous inhabitants and immigrant groups" (U.N. Pidgin for "It's undemocratic"). The council's recommendation: that New Guinea's Australian administrators "develop plans to eliminate [Pidgin] completely." Would the resolution do the trick? Cried Paul Hasluck, Australia's Minister for Territories: "Just as foolish as suggesting that all Europeans should speak nothing but Russian next week."

Added the Sydney Morning Herald: "If 50 years ago the Germans found it impossible to defeat the spread of Pidgin . . . the problem now facing Australia is insuperable. The simple fact, of course, is that . . . Pidgin English has become a language in its own right, and no matter how many pious sentiments are expressed

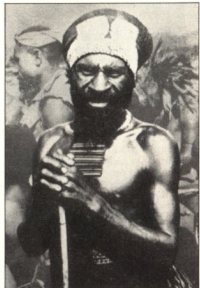


Spokane Spokesman-Review
EASTERN WASHINGTON'S "RED" REESE
He'd like to forget it all.

listen to their complaints, once bluntly told them to stop flunking students lest enrollment drop. As the months passed, professors began to seethe. But it was not until they hit upon the strange case of the athletic director's uneared M.Ed. that they openly revolted.

Powerful Friend. As everyone at the college knew, Athletic Director William ("Red") Reese had some rather unorthodox notions about earning his advanced degree in physical education. Since he was working for it within his own department, he felt no great obligation to satisfy all the usual requirements. He never finished a thesis, and two of his subordinates admitted that they had given him As in courses he never completed. Reese, however, had a powerful friend: President Freeman, who not only jumped him from instructor to full professor in two years, but also ordered that he be listed as an M.Ed. in the new college catalogue.

When the catalogue appeared, the campus finally erupted. To the faculty, the



U.S. Corps of Engineers
MAN BILONG NUGINI
He'll toktok as he pleases.

in the U.N. or elsewhere, its use and continued spread cannot be curbed." In other words, no matter how much busbybody of *man bilong ples longwey* (foreigners) fuss and fume, *ol man bilong Nugini* will go right on making *toktok* as they please.

Pomes Penyeach

On a main street of the Ruhr Valley city of Gelsenkirchen one morning last week, a schoolgirl marched up to a young man and popped an odd sort of question. "Herr Huett," said she, "what about Goethe's *Prometheus*?" Without a moment's hesitation, the young man threw back his head and began to recite:

*Curtain thy heavens, thou Jove, with clouds and mist,
And, like a boy that mows down thistle-tops,
Unloose thy spleen on oaks and mountain-peaks . . .*

When the young man with the excellent memory had finished, the schoolgirl slipped

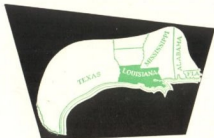


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Employers Mutuals write: Workmen's Compensation-Public Liability-Automobile-Group Health and Accident-Burglary-Plate Glass-Fidelity Bonds and other casualty insurance. Fire-Extended Coverage-Inland Marine-and allied lines. All policies are nonassessable.



EMPLOYERS MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF WISCONSIN
EMPLOYERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

him two pfennigs, and with her morning's lesson safely in mind, skipped happily off to school. Thereupon, Horst Eberhard Huett, 22, continued on his way in search of another customer, another question—and more pfennigs.

In the last few months, Horst Huett has made quite a business of answering odd questions: it is his way of scraping together enough money to put himself through a university. The well-read son of a refugee minister from Pomerania, he had always wanted to be a philologist, but his wages from the local pipemaking factory were far from enough. Then one night he



Wolfgang Beuermann

ANSWERMAN HUETT
How big is a kangaroo?

heard a radio quiz program, found that he could answer all the questions.

After that, Huett turned himself into a kind of street-corner John Kieran, with a sign on his back: "Ich sage Verse Dir; Gib einen Pfennig mir." ("I'll tell you a verse; you give me a penny.") Customers have flocked to him: schoolchildren who need help on their homework, and adults who want the words of the latest song. Huett has answered everything from "What happens in Schiller's *Joan of Arc*?" to "Recite some verses from Wilhelm Busch's *Max und Moritz*," has even been known to recite a geometric theorem or two. About the only question that has stumped him: "What is the size of a kangaroo at birth?"*

By last week Huett felt he was well on his way to winning his education. But for business reasons, he refuses to say exactly how much he has earned. When anyone asks him that, he holds out his coin box, smiles, and quotes a line from Gustav Schwab: "The springs of poetry give you much..."

* Answer: about an inch long.



The Man Who Could Always Scare Up Business

They didn't come much shrewder than this Southern Nigerian, who processed a mixture of sacrificial blood, magic bark and mumbo-jumbo—then told customers *they* were wrong when his pots and kettles didn't produce the cure.

But who's wrong when the "pots and kettles" fail in *your* process? When shut-downs scuttle schedules? When profits *pause* for hurried repairs to *your* tanks, kettles, pressure vessels? Fortunately, there's a way to plan away trouble. That's by getting the soundest tank and pressure vessel fabrication to begin with.

There are qualified fabricators—specializing in your field—with both the resources and knowledge to build equipment to fit your exact needs. Their engineering staffs collaborate with yours, work with your consultants and consult materials suppliers. It's this teamwork in planning—together with the abilities of the qualified fabricator—that assures you the attention of specialists to each phase of your equipment installation. Look for this co-ordination to insure the profitable return that you have every right to expect.

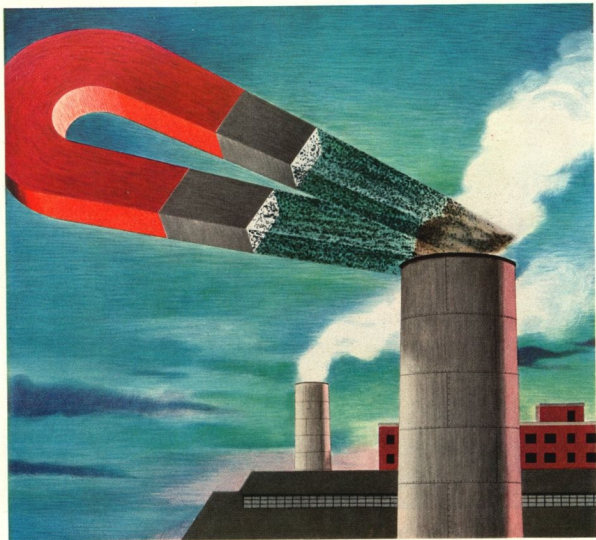
Early in your planning of new process equipment, it will pay you to discuss your needs with your fabricator. Or, for the names of qualified equipment builders who are experienced in your field, contact us. As a materials supplier for over 140 years, Lukens knows fabricators. Address Manager, Marketing Service, 476 Lukens Building, Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

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Magnet that is death on dirt

DIRTY, dust-laden air is on the way out—even in the busiest industrial areas. And a device, that is made by Koppers, is lending a hand.

It's the Koppers-Elex Electrostatic Precipitator. Here's how it works. Fine particles of dirt, dust, ash and other contaminants found in gases and smoke pass through an electric field. These charged particles are then deposited on huge screens . . . similar to the way iron filings are deposited on a magnet. Contaminants cling to the screens *instead* of being discharged into the atmosphere.

These Electrostatic Precipitators make communities cleaner and more healthful . . . help you solve public

relations problems by cleaning industrial stack gases from power plants, paper mills, cement plants, steel and chemical plants.

A Koppers Precipitator can save you money by recovering *desirable* substances. From industrial gases, for example, expensive materials

which are normally lost can be collected and re-used.

If you have a nuisance or recovery problem, there's a good chance a Koppers Precipitator can solve it. Why not get in touch with us? Koppers Company, Inc., Precipitator Department, Baltimore 3, Maryland.

KOPPERS-ELEX ELECTROSTATIC PRECIPITATOR



Making precipitators is just one way in which Koppers serves industry and you. It is a leader in the wood-preserving industry. It produces chemicals from coal. It manufactures plastics, roofing and paving materials. It builds blast furnaces, rolling mills and coke ovens.

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MILESTONES

Married. Joan Douglas Dillon, 18, daughter of U.S. Ambassador to France Clarence Douglas Dillon; and James Brady Moseley, 22, Harvard junior and son of a Manhattan broker; in Paris. After civil and religious ceremonies, some 600 guests attended a Mass celebrated in the Madeleine by the Rev. Pierre Couturier, known as "the Picasso Priest," for his patronage of modern French religious art.

Married. Alan Nunn May, 42, bald, unrepentant ("I have no regrets") British spy, only member of the wartime Soviet atomic espionage ring (which included Klaus Fuchs and the Rosenbergs) to regain his freedom; and Hildegard Pauline Ruth Broda, 42, Vienna-born assistant school medical officer; he for the first time, she for the second; in Cambridge, England.

Married. Dr. John Raleigh Mott, 88, elder statesman of Protestantism, Methodist layman, honorary president of the World Council of Churches and the World's Alliance of the Y.M.C.A., and a 1946 Nobel Peace Prizewinner; and Agnes Peter, 73, great-great-great granddaughter of Martha Custis Washington; he for the second time (his first wife, Leila White Mott, died last year), she for the first; in Georgetown, D.C.

Marriage Revealed. Jackie Coogan, 38, balding onetime Hollywood child star (*The Kid*) turned TV performer (*Pantomime Quiz*); and Dancer Dodie Lamphere, 28; he for the fourth time, she for the second; in Mexico City, in April 1952.

Died. William Tudor Gardiner, 61, two-term Republican governor of Maine (1929-33), wealthy corporation executive (Northwest Airlines, the Pacific Coast Co., etc.), soldier in both World Wars; in the crash of his private plane; near Allentown, Pa. Descendant of an old Maine family, he was a star athlete at Groton and Harvard. In 1928 Lawyer Gardiner sailed a yawl up & down the Maine coast, campaigning for the governorship, won election by 80,000 votes. In World War II, as an Army colonel, he accompanied General Maxwell D. Taylor on a daring mission to German-occupied Rome (1943) to secure a pledge of loyalty from Dictator Mussolini's aging successor, Marshal Pietro Badoglio, 20 hours before the Allied invasion of Italy.

Died. Robert Alphonso Taft, 63, majority leader of the U.S. Senate since last January, Senator from Ohio since 1939, of malignant tumors; in Manhattan (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Dr. Elmer Lee Henderson, 68, Louisville surgeon, who as president of the American Medical Association (1950-51) led its successful \$4,500,000 campaign against the Truman-Ewing health plan; of cancer; in Louisville.



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Holcomb "Floats-Off" contains a powerful cleaning booster. It penetrates the dirt—loosens, lifts and floats it off. It's neutral, safe to use on any floor... rinses free of streaks... leaves your floors shining clean.

Try it once, you'll use it always. Since you must clean, do it profitably—with Holcomb products. Ask your nearby Holcombman for a money-saving demonstration.

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BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

After the Truce

According to Marxian dialectic, capitalists foment war to boost their profits. According to an old Wall Street saw: "Peace is bullish." Last week the hard-bitten traders on the New York Stock Exchange proved the old saying right and Marx wrong. In the first few days after the Korean truce, the Dow-Jones industrial average advanced six points to 275, the highest level in two months, and ended July with the first monthly gain since last December. At the beginning of this week, the average continued the rise.

Ever since the first truce meeting two years ago, there have been repeated "peace scares"—loose talk based on the unformed belief that the war's end would send the economy into a tailspin. But businessmen were singularly unruffled when peace came. Around the country, they saw little change in the economic outlook. In Seattle, where the Boeing Airplane Co. payroll affects one person in six, Boeing President William Allen said the company's employment there would remain at 30,000. In Dallas, Economist Fred Carlson of Dresser Industries predicted: "Whatever reduction there may be in defense expenditures will not be enough to make the economy sag." Said Gordon M. Jones, president of the Illinois State Chamber of Commerce: "Let the budget be balanced, let the dollar be stabilized, and business will take in stride the curtailment of defense spending."

All signs indicated that the boom was still steaming along. Construction hit an

alltime peak of \$3.3 billion in July. Electric output, reflecting the high rate of industrial activity, set a new weekly high of 8,460,427,000 kilowatt-hours. Auto output for the first seven months of the year was at a record 3,852,624 units. Deposits in mutual-savings banks hit a new high of \$23.6 billion. Even farm income, for months the most glaring weak spot in the economy, was off only 5% from last year to \$12.6 billion in the first six months. And rosy corporate earnings continued to pour out. Second-quarter net profit of General Motors was \$162 million v. \$142 million a year ago. U.S. Steel's second-quarter net was \$55,640,806, up from \$22,218,922 a year earlier.

Summing up the effects of the truce on the U.S. economy, Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. Chairman Ben Morell declared: "A war economy is a destructive thing . . . The farther we go down the road to peace the better off we will be."

MODERN LIVING

Battle of the Bulge

Blared an ad in the New York Times: A BACARDI CUBA LIBRE HAS LESS CALORIES THAN A LAMB CHOP. In Los Angeles, a beer ad urged: DON'T GO TO WAIST—DRINK REGAL PALE. In New York, Minneapolis and five other cities, Stouffer's restaurants offered special low-calorie lunches; the Pennsylvania Railroad had a 470-calorie "Streamliner" on its dining-car menus. Domino Sugar asked a "diet-conscious public to recognize that three teaspoons of sugar actually contain fewer calories than half a grapefruit . . .

or an apple . . . or even three small tomatoes."

All over the U.S. last week, millions of Americans—male and female—were locked in the battle of the bulge. A recent Gallup poll showed that 34 million Americans admit to being overweight; the American Medical Association has described obesity as America's No. 1 health problem, noting a far higher death rate among the overweight. Result: a boom in diet charts, low-calorie foods, and a new, "nonfattening" sales campaign by the U.S. food and beverage industries.

The Magic Words. For years some food companies have made salt- and sugar-free products for diabetics and other special dieters. But the reducing craze has become so widespread that more than 80 canners now turn out some 60 different low-calorie foods, ranging from applesauce and peanut butter to French dressing and puddings. About 80% of U.S. supermarkets have added dietetic departments featuring low-calorie foods. Their sales total some \$25 million a year, and within a decade, the industry thinks, volume should hit \$140 million. Said one Seattle chain-store manager last week: "All you have to do to sell an item to a housewife now is put the magic word 'nonfattening' on it."

One of the biggest lines of low-calorie foods is made by Mrs. Tillie Lewis' Flotill Products, Inc. of California (TIME, Nov. 19, 1951). A year ago she brought out a complete line of low-calorie foods sweetened with saccharin and pectin instead of sugar. The products—ten fruits, four salad dressings, three jellies, four puddings, four gelatins, a chocolate topping—did so well (1953 sales are estimated at \$8,000,000) that Flotill will soon add a low-calorie liquid sweetener, ketchup, maple syrup and soup.

Beautiful Chart. New York's Dorset Foods, Ltd., a canner of poultry and meats, last year introduced five low-calorie soups, recently added a line of "substance" low-calorie products, including beef stew, chicken fricassee and a chicken-vegetable dinner. Dietetic Food Co., Inc., which started producing foods for diabetics 26 years ago, now has a full low-calorie line, including candy, desserts, chewing gum and a new ice cream. Sales of high-protein foods, like meat, are up; protein-bread makers are also cashing in on the bonanza. Said an official of Ralston Purina, makers of an old reducing standby, Ry-Krisp: "Our sales chart is something beautiful to watch."

The most sensational growth has been in low-calorie soft drinks; sales rose from zero to 5,000,000 cases in one year. Pioneer in the field was Kirsch's Beverages, Inc. of Brooklyn, which started producing No-Cal ginger ale last year, aiming at an annual market of 100,000 cases; instead, Kirsch's sold half a million, added four other flavors, and this year expects No-Cal sales to top 2,500,000 cases. More than 50 companies are now in the field.



Reproduced by permission. Copr., 1948 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.
"Sometimes I think Schrafft's doesn't care about calories."

TIME CLOCK

"Ideal Food." The new emphasis on the U.S. waistline has forced some food producers into hasty counteraction. Dieting has already helped cut per capita consumption of wheat flour from 157 lbs. pre-war to 130 lbs. a year, and the worried American Bakers Association is spending a good part of its \$1,000,000 advertising budget to plug bread as a reducing food. Annual potato consumption dropped from 132 lbs. per capita in 1939 to 104 lbs. last year.

Among the hardest hit has been the beleaguered dairy industry. A dairy-association survey showed that: 1) at any given time, about one-quarter of the U.S. population is on a diet; 2) the first thing dieters are likely to give up is milk products. Per capita consumption of whole milk and butter has dropped 10% since the war. But consumption of low-calorie skim milk and nonfat dry milk has risen as much as 136%. To fight the diet menace, the dairy farmers will spend between \$6 million and \$10 million in the next year, touting milk as the "ideal food" around which to build a reducing diet.

GOVERNMENT

The Princes & the Paupers

In drought-stricken Texas last week, a dust storm blew up over the Government's \$150-million emergency relief program. In his weekly *Rails Banner*, Editor Ernest Joiner declared: "Fully half of the aid given here has gone into the hands of wealthy men. This writer, for one, is damned tired of his hard-earned money going into the pockets of wealthy men."

Feed and Grain Dealer R. C. Young of Lubbock was even more specific. He complained that some of the richest men in Lubbock and Crosby counties were turning up at his warehouse to pay \$35 a ton for emergency feed, which he estimated cost the Government at least \$70 a ton. "Some of these fellows," said Young, "have more oil wells than most of us have dollars." Among them, said he, was Rancher J. S. Bridwell, who is reportedly worth \$18 million, and who got a month's supply (21 tons) of cottonseed meal at the Government's low price.

At first, the Department of Agriculture tried getting the ranchers to sign a statement that they could not afford to buy feed at the prevailing price (in the case of cottonseed meal, \$66 a ton). But Texas cattlemen refused to put their names to any "pauper's oath." Two days later the ruling was "clarified" so that local relief committees were given broad license to decide who could pay and who could not. The allotments of feed were put on a per-cow basis, with little attention paid to ability to pay. Said Lubbock County Agent D. W. Sherrill: "If we approved only those men actually in desperate circumstances, there probably wouldn't be more than a half dozen in Lubbock County to qualify."

FORD Motor Co., which makes one of every five U.S. farm tractors, is ready to try for a bigger chunk of the farm-equipment market. It will shortly put on sale its first full line of farm equipment, including combines, hay balers, corn pickers and cotton harvesters.

WESTERN Air Line's experiment with music on its airliners has worked out so well that it is thinking of putting Musak on all first-class flights. But it has already banned *I Get a Kick out of You* because of its lyrics:

*"Flying so high
With some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do."*

KAISER Motors Corp., whose big Willow Run plant has been shut down ever since the Air Force canceled its contracts for C-119 Flying Boxcars (TIME, July 6), will keep the plant closed for good unless the C.I.O. Auto Workers agree to a new contract permitting a relaxation of seniority rules so that workers can be used more efficiently. President Edgar Kaiser is moving final assembly operations permanently to his Willlys Motors plant at Toledo, but he hopes to use Willow Run to make parts if the union is willing to cooperate.

TV advertising has rocketed well ahead of radio totals. The Federal Communications Commission reported that while sales of TV network time increased 41% last year to \$137,700,000, radio-time sales skidded 10½% to \$102,100,000.

FAIRCHILD Engine & Airplane Corp. is building a prototype of a new lightweight earth mover, the Transair Tractor, which it hopes will revolutionize military and civilian construction equipment. Only 22½ ft. long, it weighs 13,000 lbs. and can be carried in a C-119 Flying Boxcar. On the job, it can take on up to 40,000 lbs. of dirt or water as ballast, do the job of a bulldozer, power shovel, or air compressor capable of running 12 pneumatic jackhammers. Fairchild,

which will deliver the first model to the Army next December, hopes eventually to cut the price to \$25,000 in quantity production, make a big dent in the construction-equipment market.

UNIONIZED New England textile companies will not find it so easy to move to the nonunion South following a National Labor Relations Board ruling last week. It ordered Mount Hope Finishing Co., which closed its North Dighton, Mass. plant after the C.I.O. Textile Workers won an election two years ago (TIME, Nov. 19, 1951), to rehire 690 employees it had laid off, give them traveling expenses to jobs in Mount Hope's new plant in Butner, N.C., and pay back wages of almost \$4,000,000.

WEST Germany's Volkswagen company (TIME, July 20), whose little two-door sedans have made a big hit in Brazil, will shortly build a \$32 million production plant near São Paulo. By early 1955, Volkswagen hopes to be turning out 12,000 cars a year in Brazil, give some tough competition to Ford, which opened a \$10 million assembly plant there last April.

CONGRESSIONAL approval of the bill to sell the Government's 28 synthetic-rubber plants to private industry will not bring a quick sale. It will take almost until the bill's deadline of Jan. 31, 1955 to work out a detailed sales plan, and even then, Congress could veto it.

EVEN the manufacturers are surprised by the size of the home air-conditioning boom. The industry, which had planned to make 750,000 household units this year, already has turned out almost 1,000,000, is now setting its sights for 1,300,000.

BELGIUM'S Sabena airlines began the world's first scheduled international helicopter service between Brussels and Rotterdam, soon will extend the service to Bonn, Cologne and Lille.

Aspirin for Importers

The maze of U.S. customs laws, grown up haphazardly since George Washington signed the first tariff act in 1789, has compounded trivial annoyances into major headaches for American importers. Last week Congress provided some aspirin by passing a long-needed customs-simplification bill. The new bill will:

¶ Abolish penalties for undervaluation of imported articles. Under the old law, imports were dutiable at the value declared by the importer or the value placed on them by the Government's appraiser, whichever was higher. If the importer underestimated the dutiable value, he had to pay a penalty; if he overestimated it, he paid duties on an unrealistically high valuation. Now, the final appraised value

becomes the basis for duties, with no penalty if the estimate is too low.

¶ Eliminate special marking requirements (e.g., the rule that every imported knife must have etched or die-sunk into it the name of the manufacturer or importer, and the country of origin).

¶ Permit correction of clerical errors in importers' statements without appeals to the customs courts, a process that often takes years.

¶ Abolish the annoying customs bonds now required of foreign tourists passing through the U.S. with dutiable articles worth \$200 or less.

The Senate eliminated from the bill several important reforms proposed by the Administration (e.g., setting up a new yardstick for establishing the value of imported articles). But the Senate

TRUCKS ON THE ROADS

How Much Should They Pay?

THE U.S. is a nation on wheels. Yet the roads under those wheels are in poor shape. Former Commissioner of Public Roads Thomas H. MacDonald estimated that 75,000 miles of the nation's main highways are "critically deficient," and that "we are falling behind in their rebuilding at the rate of 5,000 miles a year." Other experts, such as New York City's Park Commissioner Robert Moses, warn that the U.S. must double its road-building outlays over the next ten years to \$5 billion annually. The big question is: Where should the money come from?

Nearly everyone agrees that a good part of the money should come from license fees, gas taxes, etc. from those who use the roads. But how should the burden be split between the nation's 43 million private cars and 9 million trucks? The answer, a subject of bitter wrangling in every state legislature, has been fogged by propaganda fumes from the trucking industry, one of the most powerful lobbies in the U.S., and a smoke screen of publicity from the railroads, archfoes of the truckers.

Almost all state officials who have investigated the matter agree that the trucking industry is not paying its fair share of highway costs. Scientific highway tests have proved that huge trailer trucks do far more damage to U.S. roads—and hence make it necessary to build heavier, more expensive roadbeds—than the more numerous passenger cars. And the possibilities of road damage increase far faster than the increase in truck weight; e.g., tests showed that a 22,400-lb. axle load caused 6.4 times as much road cracking as an 18,000-lb. load. A recent New York State study showed that funds needed to build 737 miles of heavy truck roads would build 26,000 miles of roads to be used only by cars.

Truckers, while usually disputing such figures, point out that of all the highway usage taxes, license fees, gasoline and other road levies collected, they pay about one-third. But the truckers do not come off as well when an axle-weight or weight-distance figure, better measures of highway wear & tear, are used. A New York tax organization estimates that on an average, the man who drives a four-door Plymouth with a gross weight of 3,450 lbs. pays 34.6¢ worth of gas taxes and fees to move his car over 100 miles of open road. Yet the owner of a truck with a gross weight of 60,000 lbs. pays only 12.4¢ to move his truck the same distance, while doing far more damage to the road.

Over the years, 14 states have passed laws of one kind or another to tax

trucks on their weight and distance traveled, and thus made the highway tax load more equitable. The result is a hodgepodge of conflicting state legislation, which causes truckers to complain—legitimately—that the burden does not fall equally on local and transcontinental lines, and that long haul trucks are often unfairly penalized. But the trucking industry, a brawling youngster which owes much of its growth to World War II, has not helped its case by its frequent contempt for present laws, fair or not. In Georgia, where trucks are limited to a weight of 18,000 lbs. per axle, many truckers send out spotters in plain cars who pass the word whenever they find a state crew setting up scales along a highway to catch overloads. (Even so, Georgia last month found that 3% of the trucks checked were guilty of overloading.) In Illinois, where truckers may file their own reports on ton-miles traveled, some boast openly of getting away with false reports to the state. In 1951 in Missouri, Forrest Smith, then governor, publicly stated that he understood money had changed hands on the floor of the legislature to defeat a bill to increase truck license fees.

Truck schedules are often set with little regard for the speed laws. In California, a truck obeying all speed and traffic regulations would need 15 hours to drive the 400 miles from San Francisco to Los Angeles, yet the normal schedule of most trucking lines is ten or twelve hours. Last month California's logging truckers, who have been overloading by as much as 4,000 lbs., showed their contempt for a new program to enforce legal weight limitations by "picketing" state weighing stations with their trucks and blocking the roads.

In cities and along the open roads of the U.S., trucks have long been such an extra traffic hazard that it has even been suggested that the trucking industry raise funds for an entire new system of roads for itself. In Boston, for example, the truck-snarled traffic is so bad that a new express road is referred to laughingly as "a new, fast link between two bottlenecks."

No one wants to force trucks off U.S. roads, since they carry 15% of the nation's freight, and are a vital part of the economy. But even some truckers realize that it is time for the trucking industry to face the fact that its own future lies in a constructive approach to the highway problem. Unless the truckers do, U.S. motorists, who far outnumber the truckers, may well insist on even tighter regulations than now bind the railroads.

promised to consider these provisions again in the next session. Though the bill, as finally passed, was something less than the sweeping reform of U.S. customs laws importers wanted, it was a good start.

INVESTMENTS

Obstacle Course

The Administration, which hopes to make private investment abroad a big part of its "Trade, Not Aid" program, got some discouraging news last week from one of the program's most ardent supporters. In a 132-page report, the first installment of a three-part study, the Commerce Department's Office of International Trade tested the climate for U.S. venture capital in the world's major countries and came to a chilling conclusion: "Prospects for a greatly increased flow of U.S. private investment abroad are unfavorable in the next few years."

Everywhere OIT men looked, they saw the same basic obstacles: currency restrictions, freezing of investment capital, discriminatory taxes, competition from government-supported monopolies, and hostility to foreign capital. As long as these conditions prevail, said OIT, "it is not likely that the rate, nature or direction of private investments will be substantially changed." Area by area, the report stated:

In Latin America, where U.S. private investments exceed \$4.7 billion (40% of all U.S. venture capital abroad), the biggest problem is "creeping expropriation," i.e., harassment of U.S.-controlled enterprises by discriminatory taxes and labor requirements. Major offender: Argentina. Brazil's liberal treatment of capital is offset by social ferment and inflationary hazards, and Venezuela has limited attractions outside of oil and mineral resources. "One of the most favorable areas" for U.S. investment, according to OIT, is Mexico.

In Europe, where U.S. investors' stake is approximately \$3.5 billion, OIT men found the obstacles to U.S. capital much the same. The United Kingdom, where \$847 million in U.S. money is invested, offers "generally satisfactory" conditions. But France is "uninviting" to U.S. money; impoverished Italy, and West Germany with its high taxes and vulnerability to Communist attack, offer few opportunities.

In Africa and the Near East, growing nationalism and lack of industrial development discourage much new U.S. investment, except in mining and oil. However, a few Near East countries, such as Turkey and Egypt, are taking a more enlightened attitude toward foreign capital. Rigid screening of new projects in British, French, Belgian and Portuguese dependencies in Africa prevents major participation of U.S. investors. As a result, almost two-thirds of the U.S.'s relatively small investment in Africa (\$350 million) is in South Africa, where the investment climate is still favorable, and in Liberia. The Far East attracts little U.S. private capital: only \$284 million, or 2.4% of total U.S. direct investment abroad.

There were a number of things (e.g., lower taxes on profits earned abroad) that



"...TIL YOU LEARN NOT TO HAVE ACCIDENTS!"

"SORRY, Sport, but Dad says you'll have to stay on the porch until you learn to behave in the house!"

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TIME, AUGUST 10, 1953

"Know Anything Good in the Market?"

Sure we do. Lots of things. Lots of good common stocks.

But what do you mean—"good"?

Good for what?

«Good for an older couple planning a retirement program? Good for younger people who have come into some inheritance? Good for a widow? Good for a successful doctor or lawyer just reaching his prime?

What is a good investment for one may not be for another. Every situation is different, and each needs an investment program tailored to fit.

If you are not sure that what you are doing with your money is the best thing you can do with it, why not submit your problem to our Research Department for their unbiased counsel?

It won't cost you a penny, and you won't obligate yourself in any way. It doesn't matter whether you've got a little money or a lot, whether you own securities or don't. But the more you tell us about your complete situation, the more helpful you'll find our answer.

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OIT recommended that the U.S. could do to make it easier for venture capital. But the big job of attracting U.S. capital. OIT implied, is squarely up to the foreign governments themselves. Unless they relax import controls and other obstacles, there is scant hope that they will get much expansion in U.S. investments.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Pharaoh of Free Enterprise

In the Egyptian port of Alexandria, a band struck up the national anthem, and Egypt's flag was hoisted to the mast of a spick & span ocean liner, the 15,000-ton *Gumhuriyat Misr* ("Republic of Egypt"). There to welcome the British-built vessel, along with her sister ship *Mecca*, to the Egyptian merchant fleet was President Mohammed Naguib. Gesturing to a dark and dapper man in a



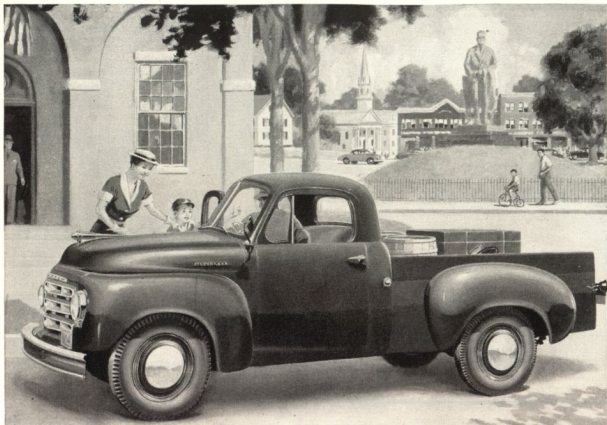
Mohamed Yousef

AHMED ABOUD & PRESIDENT NAGUIB
Egypt could use three more.

checked tropical worsted suit and red tarboosh, Naguib paid Egypt's thanks to Ahmed Abboud, "that great and capable man who has rendered so many services to his country in the economic field."

In rendering such services, Ahmed Abboud has also done himself a few good turns. At 66, he is Egypt's pharaoh of free enterprise, with properties worth (by his estimate) \$60 million. He is boss of the nation's largest shipping line (the Khedivial Mail Line), monopolizes the sugar-refining, fertilizer and distilling industries, and also owns or controls at least ten of Egypt's most important companies, including real estate, bus line, textile and cotton-trading interests. Altogether, Abboud's companies supply Egypt's leading newspapers with 60% of their advertising revenues. Last week Abboud decided to get into still another field: he will build a mill to make paper, which Egypt needs, from the waste of his refineries.

On Course, Abboud built his industrial pyramid with the calm judgment of an expert manager, the intuition of a poker



½-ton 6½-foot pick-up—¾-ton and 1-ton 8-foot pick-ups are also available

Decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

A sleek Studebaker truck saves gas amazingly

Young owners of small businesses drive many of the good-looking Studebaker trucks you see. The streamlined Studebaker design helps to make a little cash buy a lot of mileage—no excess dead weight—no needless waste of power. For proof of Studebaker thrift, see any Studebaker dealer.



Studebaker's two foot-controlled ventilators scoop in refreshing streams of air at floor level. Two window wings, two sun visors, dual windshield wipers are standard equipment, too. The roomy, adjustable seat has "finger-tip" control.



Studebaker's famous father-and-son teams and many thousands of other competent, conscientious craftsmen build wear-resisting soundness into every Studebaker truck. This means big savings on upkeep and a truck that stays constantly on the job.



Hundreds of thousands of Studebaker trucks economically handle a big share of the nation's commercial hauling—1½ and 2 ton Studebakers for hefty loads—sleekly streamlined ½, ¾, and 1 ton Studebaker pick-ups and stakes for lighter duty work. Two great Studebaker truck engines—the high efficiency Econ-o-miser or the high torque Power-Plus. Variable-ratio, extra-leverage steering is standard. Gas-saving Overdrive available at extra cost in ½ and ¾ ton models.

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

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July 30, 1953

\$360,000,000

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First Mortgage and Collateral Trust Bonds

3 3/4% Series due 1982

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Appalachian Electric Power Company
Indiana & Michigan Electric Company
The Ohio Power Company
The Cincinnati Gas & Electric Company
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The Dayton Power and Light Company
Kentucky Utilities Company
Louisville Gas and Electric Company
Ohio Edison Company
Pennsylvania Power Company
Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Company
The Toledo Edison Company
The West Penn Electric Company
Monongahela Power Company
The Potomac Edison Company
West Penn Power Company

Subject to the provisions of Purchase Agreements negotiated by The First Boston Corporation, certain institutional investors have entered into commitments to purchase the above Bonds in installments on or before January 1, 1957.

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player, and—according to his enemies—some of the tactics of a Washington five-percenter. He has supported some governments, worked for the fall of others he didn't get along with, and was closely allied with the corrupt Wafdists Party. When the Wafdists came to power in 1951, they quashed some 140 tax evasion suits against his interests. Nevertheless, when Strongman Naguib took over last year and was asked what he intended to do about Abboud, he replied: "Give him every possible help to go right on with what he's doing. Egypt could use three more just like him."

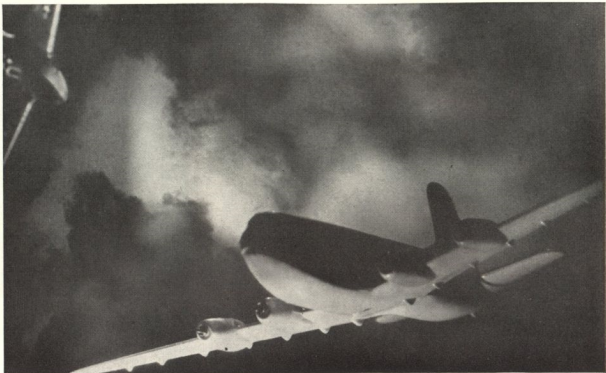
A graduate of Glasgow University and Scotland's Royal Technical College (thanks to the generosity of a family friend), Abboud went to work as a junior engineer on an Iraq irrigation project, soon tired of it. "I said to myself: 'Ahmed, you are meant to be more than an engineer.'" In World War I, he set up a contracting business of his own, landed big contracts with the British army in Damascus, picked up other odd jobs in Beirut, Bagdad and Haifa. Back in Egypt after the war, Abboud decided to buck the foreign businessmen who then monopolized the nation's industry. Starting with two British companies which handled all the dredging of Egypt's irrigation canals, Abboud badgered government authorities until they gave him some of this work. In six months, his company opened up 15 million cubic meters of new irrigation, and the king awarded him the honorary title of pasha. In 1930, the British-owned Khedivial Mail Line, foundering in the Depression, invited Abboud aboard; he took over the management, made the company profitable, and has since built the fleet from six to 20 ships and bought 97% of the stock.

Sugar into Alcohol. Shortly before World War II, the French interests who controlled Egypt's sugar-refining business started selling their stock at a high price in the hope of buying it back later at a lower figure. For two years, Abboud quietly bought up all the refinery stock he could lay hands on in the Cairo and Paris exchanges, got a seat on the refinery board and took over the management.

At war's end, Abboud spotted another field that would fit nicely with his sugar business: he forced a foreign-owned distillery of industrial alcohol, the only one in Egypt, out of business and set up his own. Other postwar Abboud projects: a \$7,400,000, 300,000 tons-a-year nitrate fertilizer plant financed by an Export-Import Bank loan, the first in Egypt, and a half interest in the contracting of a \$10 million hydroelectric project on the Nile.

Cadillacs & Chris-Crafts. All these interests keep Abboud busy from 7 a.m. to 9 or 10 p.m. (with two hours out for a midday nap). Nevertheless, he still finds time to enjoy such playthings as a stable of six Cadillacs, a string of Arab stallions, three houses (but only one swimming pool), a private plane and three Chris-Craft speedboats.

"What's the secret of my success?" muses Abboud. "It's no secret at all. Just



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Your boy may fly these soon. But don't worry... they're only toys. The worry belongs to the manufacturer. Like anyone selling fad or fashion goods, toy-makers must stock hundreds of stores with what customers want... at the moment they want it. To do this calls for expert shipment planning. Successful manufacturers do it this way—



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Securely settled in modern Express cars on America's snappiest streamliners, toys and thousands of other products race toward destinations.



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*A Cummins Check Signer takes over the routine, mechanical task of signing checks. It leaves the paying executive time for other really important jobs—such as verifying correctness of invoices and amount of payments.

Cummins Check Signers sign more checks in a minute than you can sign by hand in a whole hour—and with your perfect signature every time! Safe, too—you carry keys to the Signer right in your pocket. And most fidelity insurance companies prefer Cummins signatures to hand signatures, because they can't be duplicated.



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looking around for the best opportunities and knowing when to take advantage of them. Just making it my business to know the people who count. Just keeping everlastingly on the job. That's all."

A New Generation

In jet engines, the U.S. and Britain are running a seaway race for the title of the "most powerful" (see chart). Last week it looked as if Britain's De Havilland Engine Co., Ltd. had jumped out ahead; it announced a new engine, the Gyron, with a thrust "greater than that of any other known jet engine." Although performance figures were kept secret, airmen guessed that the Gyron is in the 15,000-lb.-thrust class, compared to 10,000 to 12,000 lbs. for the current model of Pratt & Whitney's J-57, which had been rated the world's most powerful.

The Gyron is an axial-flow engine, intended for use in supersonic aircraft, while all De Havilland's previous jets (e.g., the Goblin, which powers the Vampire fighter, and the Ghost, which powers the Comet and the Venom fighter), have been centrifugal types.* De Havilland said that the engine, which has low gas consumption and a low ratio of weight to thrust, is being developed first for supersonic fighter planes, later could be built for transports. Said De Havilland: the Gyron is the first of "a new generation of really large turbine-jet power units. The company is confident that it will prove to be one of the principal power units ... up to about 1965."

BUILDING

Fast Piecework

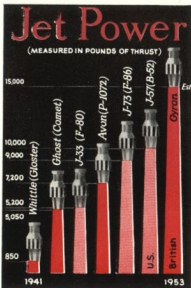
Prefabricated construction, which now accounts for 8% of all new home building, last week was making fast headway in the commercial building field as well. Among the newest developments:

¶ On Manhattan's Park Avenue, a \$14 million skyscraper was being fitted with 1,800 prefabricated aluminum panels, each with two window frames. The entire job of putting up outside walls on the 26-story structure was being done in the record time of 6½ working days, v. eight weeks for ordinary stone-and-brick construction. The metal panels, two stories high and 4½ ft. wide, were carted to the site from a Long Island plant, ready for installation.

¶ In a suburb of Cincinnati, the Steelcraft Manufacturing Co. was putting up a prefabricated steel frame for a two-story, eight-family apartment building.

¶ In Columbus, Ohio, a fully prefabricated, 74,000-sq.-ft. structure was being put up in 50 working days as an exhibition building for the Ohio State Fair. Parts for the rigid steel framework were carried to

* An axial-flow engine draws in air with a series of compressor blades which send the air to the combustion chamber in a direct line. A centrifugal-flow jet draws in the air with fewer but larger blades, and throws the air out around the circumference of the compressor on its way to the combustion chamber. Since an axial-flow engine has a smaller diameter, it is easier to fit into planes.



Trust Chart by J. Donovan

the site and riveted together, and 204 prefabricated concrete panels, measuring up to 8 by 10 ft., were bolted to the steel to form walls. The panels were made by the Marietta Concrete Corp., which in three years has made slabs (two layers of concrete sandwiching a 1½-in. layer of Fiberglass insulation) for 25 large buildings.

CORPORATIONS

The General & the Heckler.

For Old Soldier Douglas MacArthur, the job of presiding over the annual meeting of Remington Rand in Buffalo, N.Y. last week was his first such assignment since becoming chairman of the board last July. MacArthur soon found his posi-



PREFABRICATED SKYSCRAPER
Walls in a week.

TIME, AUGUST 10, 1953

Day in and day out, you and your fellow Americans now use more than 300 million gallons of petroleum. Inco Nickel helps bring this oil from well to refinery to you.



Oil makes your world go 'round

... oil produced with the help of Nickel

Mark's bike is his world.

And oil makes his little world go 'round. Your bigger world, too!

Take the big wheels that make this country go—diesels, airplanes, autos, and tractors. Or the wheels within wheels in the alarm clock, vacuum cleaner and other appliances in your own home. You've got to have oil for these.

You've got to have oil for heat, too. And for power. And for hundreds of useful products that belong to the petroleum family—products like lipstick or detergents.

All told, and for all purposes, you're now using more than 300 million gallons of petroleum a day—you and your fellow Americans. And this keeps the oil industry on the double.

This also keeps Inco Nickel on the double.

For when, as it did last year, the oil industry drills about 46,000 new

wells ... and boosts refinery output to almost eight million barrels a day ... it's got to have tools and equipment that can stand up.

Stand up to what?

To corrosion, for *one* thing! If it weren't for special types of metals, the sour crudes, brine, and acids would eat the heart out of costly oil field equipment. And refineries, bedeviled by corrosives every bit as destructive, just couldn't operate at the same cost or as efficiently as they do today.

That is, they couldn't if it weren't for the Nickel Alloys, like Inco-developed Monel, which resist the electrolytic type of corrosion so often experienced. Or other alloys containing Nickel which stand up to the oxida-

tion found at temperatures up to 1800°F ... as well as many other kinds of corrosive attack.

Yes, Nickel is a good friend of the petroleum engineer. But, like you, he sees little of it. In oil wells or "cat crackers." Nickel is usually out of sight—alloyed with other metals to give them special properties.

That is why Inco Nickel has come to be called "Your Unseen Friend."

You and "Your Unseen Friend": Morning, noon and night, Inco Nickel is always with you—helping to make your life easier, brighter, more pleasant, more worthwhile. Just how? "The Romance of Nickel" tells you. Send for your free copy. Write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 349b, New York 5, N. Y. ©1952, T. I. N. Co.



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Weatherbrain indoor-outdoor control regulates the comfort of your home all winter long without any manual adjustment!

If you have a forced hot water heating system now or plan to install this type in a new home, by all means look into **DETROIT's** amazing new Weatherbrain Control—the temperature control you never touch! That's because the Weatherbrain Control makes use of an outdoor bulb which senses changes in outside temperature and responds *instantly* and *automatically* by supplying the exact amount of heat to keep room temperature just where you want it! You get heating comfort never before possible because your house is kept at a uniform temperature all winter long—*without ever a manual adjustment*. Because it is entirely mechanical in operation, with no electronic gadgets to go wrong, Weatherbrain Control costs less and saves fuel by banishing over and under heating.

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tion under fire from a brash stockholder named Lewis D. Gilbert, who claimed to represent 3,800 shares, and makes a business of heckling at annual meetings (TIME, Nov. 24).

Spokesman Gilbert, a World War II Army corporal, stood up to say that he was "seriously concerned" because MacArthur held no Remington stock. "We think," said Gilbert, "that all directors, including the distinguished American who is presiding, should own stock." General MacArthur snapped: "Will you sit down?" Gilbert sat down.

MacArthur then explained that the company's bylaws do not require its officers to own stock. "I wish to state," he added, "that I am an employee of the company and its servant, not one of its owners. I am not as fortunate as you, Mr. Gilbert. Such money as I am able to invest I have placed in defense bonds to help protect our beloved country. What I do with future funds is neither your business nor that of anyone else." The 70 stockholders in attendance applauded.

Almost completely routed, Gilbert reformed for a final thrust. Noting that Remington's annual report gave MacArthur's salary as \$45,533 and not \$100,000 as the press had estimated, Gilbert asked: "What happened to the rest of it?" That, said the general, was all there was; the rest was "newspaper talk." At meeting's end, MacArthur thanked the stockholders for coming, singled out Spokesman Gilbert for an individual citation. Said the general: "It constitutes democracy when we don't agree on everything."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

3-D Music. Columbia Records brought out a small (7 in. by 7 in.), box-enclosed speaker with a long extension cord which can be plugged into its new "360" phonograph (TIME, Dec. 22, 1952) as an auxiliary speaker. The music, coming from both the phonograph and extra speaker, "surrounds" the listener and is reproduced with a richer tone. Price: \$24.95.

Rolled Sheet. The first pre-packaged rolls of sheet metal for do-it-yourself householders were put on sale by Illinois Zinc Co. Made of a nonrusting zinc and copper alloy, the sheet metal can be used for roof and gutter repairs, etc. Price: \$1 for a 12- by 30-in. roll.

Industrial 3-D. A 3-D, 16 mm. movie-projection system for industrial and educational use was demonstrated by RCA Victor. It uses two projectors and a special screen, and must be viewed through polarized glasses for 3-D effect.

Shrimp Peeler. The first machine which automatically peels and veins shrimp was demonstrated at the National Fisheries Institute in Washington. Capacity speed: 300 shrimp a minute.

Step Saver. A right-hand-drive Jeep, the first such car to be made in the U.S. in 30 years, was produced by Willys Motors, Inc. It will be used by rural and suburban postmen for easy delivery to roadside mailboxes.

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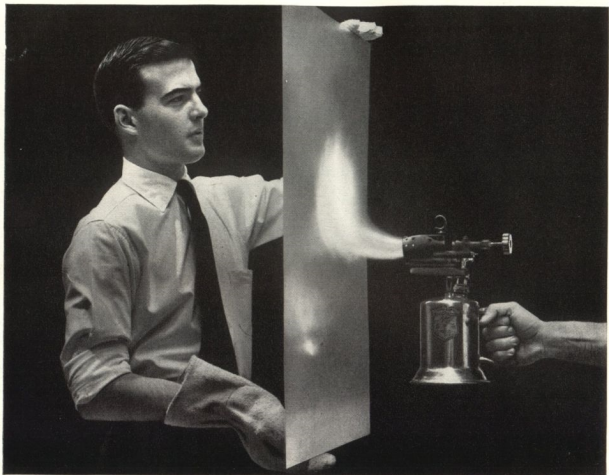
Investors
STOCK FUND

Notice of 32nd Consecutive Dividend.

The Board of Directors of Investors Stock Fund has declared a quarterly dividend of eighteen cents per share payable on August 21, 1953 to shareholders of record as of July 31, 1953.

H. K. Bradford, President

Investors STOCK FUND
Minneapolis, Minnesota



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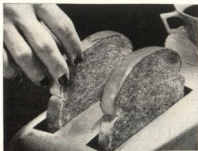
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Take safety. Both "Torque-Action" and "Twin-Action" brakes provide smooth operation for quick, sure stops.

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Small wonder that more buyers choose Chevrolet trucks than any other make. It's better business for them—and it will be for you! Why not let your Chevrolet dealer give you all the facts? Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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The New Pictures

From Here to Eternity (Columbia). Making novels into movies—turning the rambling equations of a story into the compact formula of drama—is a task perhaps fitter for some electronic calculating monster than for any human talent. That may explain why Hollywood, whose talent is all too human, has never developed a sure touch in these translations. Columbia's success in bringing James Jones's bestselling novel to the screen may be due partly to the fact that it was hardly a novel at all; it was an obscene, extravagant blot of ink, pressed between covers into something like a literary Rorschach sample. Every reader saw in it something different, but most agreed that it contained a tremendously vivid and exciting picture of men in the mass, and added up to as powerful an expression of love-hate for the U.S. Army as had ever been published.

Scriptwriter Daniel Taradash rescued, if not quite a gem, then at least a high-grade industrial diamond from this rough original; and Director Fred Zinnemann, whose hand showed its great skill in *High Noon*, has polished the diamond till it cuts. In the refinement, it is true, something has been lost: the bloody but beautiful amateur standing of it all. There are touches of slick sentimentality that do not seem to come from the book; and many readers of the novel will miss some of the original's honest and barbed-wiry vignettes that had to be shorn away. But no one will miss the book's wealth of pointless profanity. Through its chill professional eye, the camera sees the persons of the drama more clearly than Jones did, and still does not wear too yellow a filter when it looks—far less bitterly than the book—at the "Pineapple Army" of 1941.

The screenplay focuses more sharply than the novel did on Private Robert E. Lee ("Prew") Prewitt, the "hardhead" who can "soldier with any man," the 30-year man who cannot play it smart because he is cursed with a piece of ultimate wisdom. As he puts it, "If a man don't go his own way, he's nothin'."

Transferred into Company G at Schofield Barracks in Honolulu, Prew is instantly informed by Captain Dana ("Dynamite") Holmes that he cannot go his own way. Captain Holmes, a boxing fanatic who wants his company to win the regimental championship, knows that Prew is a first-class middleweight, and insists that he box for his new outfit. Prew, who quit fighting after he blinded a friend with a "no more'n ordinary right cross," refuses. Furious, Holmes orders his noncoms—all of whom are on the boxing team—to give Prew "the treatment."

Prew takes it without a word for months on end. They trip him in bayonet drill, cheat him in rifle inspection, and for every fault they find, Prew has to pay with K.P., extra laps around the track under full pack, or hours of digging enor-

mous holes in the ground so that jeering noncoms can bury a single newspaper. (In the movie, Captain Holmes is forced to resign for his actions; in the book, he was promoted.)

But other threads come in to liven the black field of one man's struggle. There is the rowdy good comedy of the soldiers' night out at the "New Congress Club." There is the sweet-sad story of Prew's love for a warmhearted doxy with visions of respectability. (Where the book bluntly called the girl a whore, the film manages to make the point by including her in some of the most realistic brothel scenes ever splattered on the face of the screen.) There is by contrast the fierce meeting of First Sergeant Warden and the captain's



LANCASTER & CLIFT
The diamond cuts.

wife, two people who think they know what they need and almost make life give it to them. And fatally, there is the story of Private Maggio, Prew's friend, who is beaten to death in the "stockade" by Fatso, the brutal captain of the guard, and of Prew's tragic revenge. Dec. 7, 1941, for all its horror, breaks like a pest bomb over this roach pit of human misery.

The three male leads in the film turn in the finest performances of their careers. Montgomery Clift displays a marvelous, snail-like capacity to contract his feeling and intelligence into the close little shell of Prew's personality, and yet he also manages to convey that within this very limited man blazes a large spirit.

Burt Lancaster as Sergeant Warden is the model of a man among men, absolutely convincing in an instinctive awareness of the subtle, elaborate structure of force and honor on which a male society is based. His big love scene with the

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of executives to
look at it



We asked hundreds
of secretaries to
type on it



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of printers have
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Hammermill Bond's new qualities—the new blue-white, the increased crispness and crackle, the improved strength—add distinctive appearance and help get office work done faster and easier. Secretaries find typing looks neater and easier to read, that erasures are clean and scarcely noticeable.

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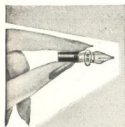
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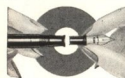
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you write—
by number



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... here's all you do

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your way—
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captain's wife will shake a lot of teeth loose during the next few months.

Frank Sinatra does Private Maggio like nothing he has ever done before. His face wears the calm of a man who is completely sure of what he is doing as he plays it straight from Little Italy. And Ernest Borgnine is a Fatso hard to forget. He can smile and smile and be a villain, in a way to make the audience realize that it is in the presence of that perhaps not rarest of humankind, the perfectly normal monster.

As to the women, Donna Reed as the doxy is quite adequate, and Deborah Kerr, for once required to be not demure but abandoned, is attractive and convincing as the captain's sexy wife.

The performers have that curious and captivating air which Director Zinnemann calls "behaving rather than acting." An artless-seeming form of art that he followed in such notable films as *The Search*, *The Men*, *The Member of the Wedding*. At 46 one of Hollywood's top directors, Vienna-born Fred Zinnemann, a former cameraman, uses the camera with easy familiarity, and with a cool simplicity that seems astonished by nothing but shows compassion for everything. Honolulu's Schofield Barracks (where much of the picture was actually filmed) becomes a large, stark frame for some memorable scenes, such as the rite of taps for Private Maggio, with the notes of martial mourning groping their way from stone to stone and from face to shadowy face.

This is what Hollywood calls "a big picture," loaded with "production values." And yet, *From Here to Eternity* also tries to be something more. It tries to tell a truth about life, about the inviolability of the human spirit, and in some measure it fails. Yet the picture does succeed, perhaps without quite intending to, in saying something important about America. It says that many Americans, in a way that is often confused and sometimes forgotten, care deeply, care to the quick about a man's right to "go his own way," though all the world and the times be contrary.

A Blueprint for Murder (20th Century-Fox) is one of those titles that have nothing whatever to do with the picture—unless it refers to the old Hollywood blueprint for doing violence to whatever talent Actor Joseph Cotten may have.

When Cotten first went west with Orson Welles's Mercury Theater troupe, the moguls were so astonished to see an actor with wrinkles in his wardrobe, and even a few lines in his face, that they almost reverently decided he must be great. He wasn't, but a lot of moviegoers took his fumbling as a sign of moral earnestness and his hesitation as a symptom of bashful charm. Cotten was typed as a sort of rising young vestryman—safe, but just possibly sexy too.

In *A Blueprint for Murder*, Actor Cotten pushes his mannerism to the point where he seems to undergo a paroxysm of *Angst* every time he decides to put one foot in front of another. To some extent, Cotten's anxiety is understandable: he has

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TIME, AUGUST 10, 1953



PETERS & COTTEN

Safe, but just possibly sexy too.

reason to believe that his brother and his niece were murdered by his brother's second wife (Jean Peters), but he cannot prove anything, and neither can the police. In a desperate attempt to keep the woman from poisoning his brother's other child, Cotten poisons her first—with a tablet of strychnine he found in her own aspirin bottle. Unfortunately, Actor Cotten looks so earnest and bashful at the climax that the audience is apt to wonder whether, after all, he is involved in a matter of life & death or whether he is simply expressing a mortal longing to know the shortest way to the taffrail.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Master of Ballantrae. Errol Flynn as the "wicked, wicked lad" in a rousing movie version of Robert Louis Stevenson's tale of the Scottish wars (TIME, Aug. 3).

The Sea Around Us. Rachel Carson's 1951 bestseller brought to the screen in beautiful Technicolor scenes of undersea life, memorable, despite faults (TIME, July 20).

The Moon Is Blue. A nice little comedy that uses some naughty words (TIME, July 6).

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. A wacky, freshly told fantasy about a small boy who hates piano teachers (TIME, June 22).

Julius Caesar. Hollywood's best Shakespeare to date; with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud (TIME, June 1).

Stalag 17. Director Billy Wilder's rowdily entertaining adaptation of the Broadway comedy-melodrama about a Nazi prison camp; (TIME, May 18).

Fanfan the Tulip. A witty French spoof of the typical movie swashbuckler; with Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida (TIME, May 11).

Shane. A high-styled, Technicolored horse opera, strikingly directed by George Stevens; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).



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DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

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BOOKS

Operation North Pole

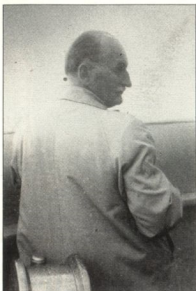
LONDON CALLING NORTH POLE [208 pp.]—H. J. Giskes—British Book Centre (\$3.50).

The decisive moment for Operation North Pole came at 2 p.m. on March 15, 1942. At that moment H. M. G. Lauwers, a Dutch agent of British Intelligence, sat in a German police headquarters near The Hague with his hand on the radio key that was his link with London. The Germans wanted to make the link theirs; Lauwers, recently arrested, had agreed to cooperate. Suspecting that Lauwers might doublecross them, the Germans were ready to jam the signal at the first misplaced dot or dash. But Lauwers had no intention of straying from his captors' text; his British instructions, he says, called for him to garble every 16th letter. By omitting the prearranged errors, he would be informing London that he had been caught.

Lauwers sent, and London replied. German Intelligence had established direct contact with the British Secret Service.

A question remained: Who was fooling whom? Three days later, London ordered that a zone be prepared for an "important drop." In the early hours of March 28, at an isolated spot near Steenwijk, the Germans signaled in a twin-engine bomber on a triangle of lights. Silhouetted against the moonlight, the bomber swept down to 600 feet, as the Germans wondered if the important drop would turn out to be bombs. An instant later, five "gigantic black shadows" parachuted down—four containers of material, and an agent. The British had seemingly forgotten their own verification checks, and handed over the key to their Dutch communications.

A Deadly Hoax. In *London Calling North Pole*, Lieut. Colonel H. J. Giskes, onetime chief of German military counterespionage in The Netherlands, tells how he masterminded Operation North Pole and supplied the British Secret Service with the kind of secret service it is



COUNTERSPY GISKES

London never answered his message.

unaccustomed to getting. For 20 tragic months the deadly hoax continued, as German Intelligence handled the Dutch operations of British Intelligence and received almost 200 drops of men and material. "Tons of the most modern explosives . . . thousands of automatic firearms with enormous quantities of ammunition, and mountains of machine pistols and machine guns" were dropped into waiting German hands. Posing as resistance men, German reception committees greeted 54 British agents, pumped them of the secrets they knew, then threw them into jail. The Nazis executed 47, despite Giskes' promise that their lives would be spared.

To buttress London's confidence, Giskes produced "results" which the British would learn about from other sources. He planted in the Dutch press articles about

spurious exploits, staged a spectacular explosion of a junk-laden barge in the Maas River at Rotterdam, and even returned some downed British flyers through Spain, secretly chaperoned by German agents.

The Bad News. The Secret Service compounded its original error, says Giskes, by making drops "rigidly and without variation for over a year." There is no telling how long the Secret Service would have kept it up if two agents had not escaped and told London the bad news. After that, London's messages over the ten lines then leading to Giskes' office were uniformly dull. Giskes ended the tragic farce with a final message for the section chiefs he had fooled: "We understand that you have been endeavoring for some time to do business in Holland without our assistance. We regret this the more since we have acted for so long as your sole representatives in this country, to our mutual satisfaction . . . Should you be thinking of paying us a visit on the Continent . . . we shall give your emissaries the same attention as we have hitherto."

On D-day and after, a successful visit was paid, but the British Secret Service has still never sent Giskes an answer to his last message. When the book appeared in Britain early this year, it raised a small storm and a parliamentary demand for a full investigation. "It is contrary to the public interest," the government replied, "to publish details of the affairs of secret organizations."

Terror in the House

MORE DENNIS THE MENACE [64 pp.]—Hank Ketcham—Holt (\$1).

A four-year-old with a posterior no larger than the palm of an irate parent's hand is rapidly becoming the nation's most popular towhead. As a comic-strip character, Dennis the Menace is practically a member of the family for the readers of 200 U.S. newspapers. But this little one-man gang has also become something of a sensation between book covers. *Dennis the Menace*, published last September, has already sold close to 140,000



"THAT ISN'T THE CORNER YOU'RE TO STAND IN!"



"BANG!"



"ISN'T THAT SWELL, DAD? REMEMBER HOW HE USED TO HATE WATER?"

Fortune

August 1953

The Changing American Market 98

Beginning a new series on the effects of the rise of a great new moneyed middle class. *by Gilbert Burck and Sanford Parker*

Look at the Reynolds Boys Now 106

Yesterday's upstart is now the seasoned No. 2 company in a vastly expanded aluminum industry. *by Robert Sheehan*

The Jameses Build a Dishwasher 114

The story of a home-grown dishwasher from Kansas that crashed into the big league of appliances.

How Executives Get Jobs 117

A report on the techniques, blunders, and frustrations of executives on the prowl. *by Perrin Stryker*

How the New Suburbia Socializes 120

The pattern of neighborliness evolved by the transients may be a preview of America's social life of the future. *by William H. Whyte Jr.*

Technology:

Optics! Sharper Than Ever 130

No more follow-the-foreign-leader for the U. S. optical industry; it is breaking new ground with the best of them.

Robert Taft's Congress 136

The story of the man who for five months dominated Capitol Hill and presided over a great political reversal. *by Duncan Norton-Taylor*

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Vintage Office Furniture 123

Some offices that have eluded the modern designer. *by Walker Evans*

Short Stories of Enterprise

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copies. Even a publisher could guess the sequel to that: *More Dennis the Menace*.

Dennis wears well, much better than the frayed tempers of his parents and the other unlucky grownups who have to deal with him. Not every youngster of four is original enough to throw rice pudding instead of rice as the newlyweds leave the church. And not too many grasp the basic economic facts of life so quickly. Says Dennis in answer to a slower kid's question: "Father's Day? Well, it's just like Mother's Day, only you can buy a cheap-er present."

If a poll were taken, it would probably show that Dennis' hottest fans are grown-ups. If he does nothing else, he makes mothers and fathers realize how lucky they are; Dennis might have been theirs. Dennis is fairly sure of a long life. After all, he can say and do what he likes; he has nothing to lose but his supper.

Wall Street to Mud Hut

COME, MY BELOVED (311 pp.)—Pearl Buck—John Day [\$3.75].

EVERY PROBLEM HAS A SOLUTION—FIND IT. By order of Railroad Tycoon David MacArd, this slogan hung in every office of Manhattan's towering MacArd Building. It was not only his recipe for riches, but the nearest he could get to a religious conviction. So when his adored wife died, Multimillionaire MacArd turned instinctively to his slogan and asked: What solution exists to the problem of death? And where shall I find it?

MacArd moved in the direction of an answer when he took passage to India at the turn of the 20th century. One walk through the squalid streets of Bombay was enough to convince him that the Indian way of life was no better than living death. India, he decided, needed the sort of inspiration that had made him and his country great: the go-getting zeal of the American way. His wife had been a devout Christian, so what better memorial could he build than a gigantic missionary foundation devoted to the raising and training of businesslike Christian-Indian leaders?

Vital India. Such is the spacious plan of Pearl Buck's new novel, which, like most of her works, coolly takes a continent for its province. But her theme is even wider than her scheme—so wide, in fact, that better novelists would find it hard to cover. Intricate and twofold, it tries on the one hand to show the great gap that divides American and Indian understanding and, on the other, how religious zeal and hard experience affect not only this gap, but the Americans and Indians who try to bridge it.

Tycoon MacArd's approach to the gap is that of a plain, blunt millionaire. Throw money over from the U.S. side, he argues, and new-type Indian leaders will emerge to invest it. But his idealistic son Qward thinks otherwise. Money, he believes, is not enough. India may be near to death physically, but it is vibrant with religious vitality. The would-be missionary cannot convert Indians from behind a desk in

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Write for illustrated folder No. 5

Wall Street. He must live in their land and carry his faith to them. To his father's horror, David does just that.

As Author Buck shows, David has come a degree closer to a solution than his father did. But as the years pass, David, too, begins to shrink in stature. His Poona mission station grows so famed that it loses its Christian simplicity, and becomes to David what railroads became to his father. David dreads Indian independence. If the British raj is booted out, who will protect his lifework from destruction? It is now his turn to be horrified when his devout son Ted walks out on his father's seminary and goes to live among Indians in a village of mud huts.

Old Devil Sex. Up to this point, Author Buck handles her material nicely, bringing the core of religion steadily clos-



Gene Pyle

NOVELIST BUCK

The magic word is "intermarriage."

er to the reader. Then, suddenly, she gives out. The conclusion she wants to reach is that neither dollars nor Christian dogma can bridge the U.S.-Indian gap; there must be intermarriage between the two peoples and agreement that all religions are equally valid, equally tenable. It is sex which prevents her from putting over this conclusion properly. The old devil has hovered on the fringes all through *Come, My Beloved*, and when he hears the magic word "intermarriage," he hops boldly into the pulpit and converts earnest Missionary Buck into a thinly piping Miss Lonelyhearts.

Highbrow Smorgasbord

STORIES IN THE MODERN MANNER (282 pp.)—Edited by Philip Rahv and William Phillips—Avon (35¢).

The publishers of Avon Books (price range: 25¢ to 35¢) sell more than 20 million copies a year, chiefly by serving up westerns, whodunits and the kind of boy-meets-girl story that can be illustrated by

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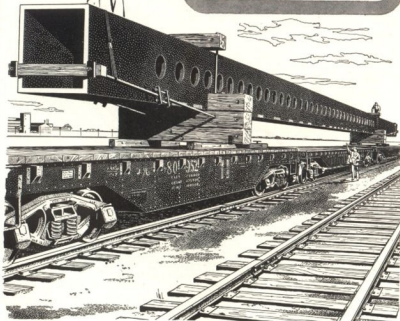
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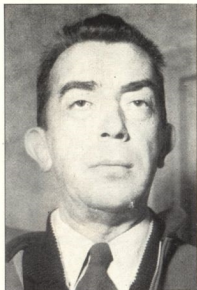


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a ripe cheesecake jacket. Occasionally, however, Avon offers a change of diet, and its latest, *Stories in the Modern Manner*, is an adventure in highbrow smorgasbord: 14 short stories and a one-act play from the literary bimonthly, *Partisan Review*. The editors never explain what the tag "modern manner" means, but most of these stories do have one thing in common: they are about the end of something—love, life, adolescence or illusion.

Crossing Paris, the first and longest tale, is by Marcel Aymé, a deft ironist who likes to pare the French mind and character like an apple. This time, in a story which takes place during the German occupation, he cuts a little deeper. Two thugs, Martin and Grandgil, are hired by a black-marketeer to tote four valises



Keystone Press Agency

AUTHOR AYMÉ

Deeper than apple parings.

filled with meat across the city. Grandgil, a newcomer to the racket, is supposed to take orders from Martin, but right from the start he shows a shocking lack of honor. By threatening to expose the black-marketeer, he gets 5,000 francs instead of the agreed 450 for doing the job. As they move across town he tries to sell the meat piecemeal, picks fights in bistros, knocks a gendarme out cold and pockets his whistle. Irked by his incautious partner, Martin tries to pound some sense into Grandgil only to be tossed around like an Apache dancer. Thoroughly cowed, Martin agrees to rest for a few minutes in Grandgil's flat.

To his surprise, it turns out to be a studio hung with canvases. Grandgil, the arch-tough, is a painter. When his girlfriend phones, and he tells her, "I disguised myself as a gangster... it's very easy, too easy." Martin turns blue-mad, says, "I know how to amuse myself with other people's work, too," and slashes a painting. When Grandgil leaps for him, he gets a knife in the belly. To the arresting police Martin says philosophically,

"We don't do what we wish to do, believe me."

Into *Sunny Honeymoon* Italy's Alberto Moravia pours the heady wine of love and politics. Married two days and honeymooning on Capri, an increasingly testy husband finds his Communist bride continually fending him off. Worse still, she shows an easy sense of comradeship with a fellow party worker they meet on the island. Just when the unhappy husband has decided that he and his wife are politically incompatible, a helpful bolt of summer lightning melts her lovingly in his arms.

In *George*, Novelist Isaac Rosenfeld tells a memorable story of psychological exhibitionists at a Greenwich Village drinking party. When one of them, a girl named Gloria, turns into a physical exhibitionist by doffing all her clothes, good old George, the steadiest character in the room, saves what is left of decorum by making a circus-style departure that shakes even Gloria out of her pose.

And so it goes. The stories are a good sample of what *Partisan Review* has been offering to its choosy 5,800 subscribers since the war, and this in itself amounts to a certificate of modernity. For the drugstore trade, Avon has decorously dropped all cheesecake, jacketed the book in black.

RECENT & READABLE

Torment, by Pérez Galdós. A 19th century Spanish classic by a novelist who has been called Spain's Balzac; published in the U.S. for the first time (TIME, Aug. 3).

I Was a Captive in Korea, by Philip Deane. A war correspondent's vivid account of 33 months of Communist imprisonment (TIME, July 27).

Satan in the Suburbs, by Bertrand Russell. Five sardonic stories by a philosopher turned fictioneer (TIME, July 20).

White Hunter, Black Heart, by Peter Viertel. A green-hills-of-Africa novel by a Hollywood scriptwriter turned philosopher (TIME, July 20).

The Scribner Treasury. A collection of 22 classic short stories written between 1881 and 1931; not recent but highly readable (TIME, July 20).

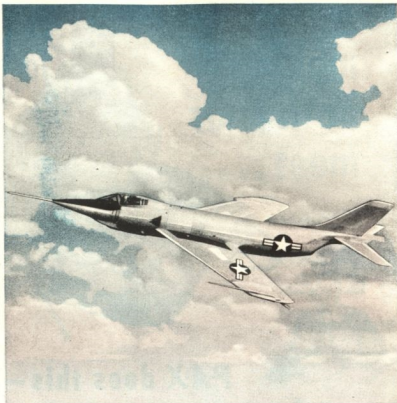
The Bridges at Toko-ri, by James A. Michener. A short novel about a carrier pilot who found out why he was fighting in Korea (TIME, July 13).

A Mingled Yarn, by H. M. Tomlinson. Graceful essays in recollection by an eminent ironist (TIME, July 13).

The Conservative Mind, by Russell Kirk. A sympathetic survey of the philosophy which underlies the conservative position, from Edmund Burke and John Adams to the present (TIME, July 6).

New Guinea and the Marianas, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The definitive U.S. naval history of World War II reaches Volume VIII, the decisive summer of 1944, and the campaigns which brought the Pacific War to the doorstep of Japan (TIME, June 29).

King George the Fifth, by Harold Nicolson. A masterful political biography (TIME, June 1).



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MISCELLANY

Let Them Eat Coke. In Bernalillo, N.Mex., blaming county officials for denying him funds and local grocers for refusing him credit, Sheriff Dick Montoya announced that he had no food to feed his prisoners, released all five inmates of the Sandoval County jail.

Sneak Preview. In St. Louis, a movie theater advertised an "action-packed" double feature: *Hellfire* and *Brimstone*.

Gratitude. In Tucson, Ariz., provided with shelter, warm food, and a new coat by the Salvation Army, Charles Demitus, 35, got a new start in life by robbing the Army's local headquarters and cashing \$53 in forged Salvation Army checks.

Power of the Press. In Rushville, Neb., the *Sheridan County Star* reported: "Mayor Hank Jansen has instructed Police Chief Lester Jensen to give no tickets for any traffic violation," three weeks later reported that its editor, Phil Gotschalk, had been fined \$1 and costs for improper parking.

The Real Collateral. In Comfort, Texas, after Bank President L. F. Goforth turned down his request for a \$2,500 business loan, the applicant started to leave, changed his mind, brandished a revolver and escaped with \$1,730.

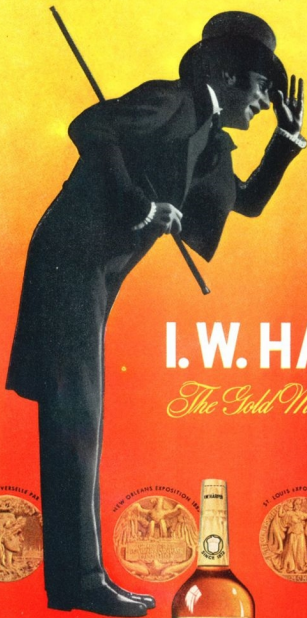
Encore. In Kansas City, Kans., released from Leavenworth Penitentiary after serving a three-year term for auto theft, Edward H. Diller spotted a shiny yellow convertible, drove it off, 48 hours later was arrested and sentenced to a year and a day at Leavenworth, for auto theft.

Ties That Bind. In Pittsburgh, Parole Violator Myron Young, 27, left his wife Margaret, begged police to ship him back to the prison farm, explained that he would rather do forced labor "than live with that woman."

The Road to Reform. In Columbus, Ohio, arraigned for drunkenness, Sam Keaton, 66, asked the judge not to jail him, was fined only \$10 and costs after declaring: "If you let me out, I'm going to take a good big drink, have a bath, and go to bed."

The Hasty Heart. In Kingston, Jamaica, impatient because his fiancée's illness had delayed their marriage, Attorney Justin Colin forced his way into the hospital, rushed his prospective bride to his car, sped 60 miles to Mandeville for a quick wedding, seven hours later was arrested on an assault charge.

That Fatal Scent. In Portland, Ore., Jerry Tisi, 24, a Navajo Indian, climbed through Patience Baxter's apartment window, found and drank a bottle of cologne, was lying unconscious on a bed when police arrived.



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